





NUGÆ ANTIQUÆ:

BEING A
MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION
OF

ORIGINAL PAPERS in PROSE and VERSE.

Written in the Reigns of HENRY VIII, EDWARD
VI, MARY, ELIZABETH, JAMES I, &c.

By Sir JOHN HARINGTON,
The Translator of ARIOSTO; and others who lived in
those Times.

With an original PLATE of the
PRINCESS ELIZABETH,
Engraved 1554.

*Non potes in Nugas dicere plura meas,
Ipse ego quam dixi—
— novimus esse Nihil.*

Martial.

To which is added

An APPENDIX,

CONTAINING

A Specimen of some LETTERS from a GEORGIAN
Merchant at Bath to his Friend in London.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. FREDERICK, at Bath:
And Sold by J. ROBINSON and ROBERTS, in Paternoster-Row, and J. DODSLEY, in Pall-Mall.

M DCC LXIX.

NUGE ANTIQUE

MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION

ORIGINAL PAPERS

OF THE

REV. JOHN HASTINGS

OF THE

INDIAN

COLLECTION

IN

THE

LIBRARY



A

DESCRIPTION

OF THE

INDIAN

COLLECTION



T H E
C O N T E N T S.

*SIR John Harington to Prince Henry, on the
State of the Church at Bath — Page 5*

*Report of a Journey into the North of Ireland,
written to Justice Cary, by Sir J. Harington,
1599 ————— 28*

To Mr. Combe, from Trim in Ireland, 1599 32

To Sir Anthony Standen, Knt. 1599 40

*To Mr. Sutton, Founder of the Charter-House,
from Greenwich, 1608 ————— 42*

*Extract of a Letter on Queen Elizabeth's Passion
for rich Cloaths ————— 45*

To Sir Hugh Portman, Knt. 1601 — 46

A 2

Letter

The CONTENTS.

<i>Letter from King James to Sir John Harington,</i> 1603	48
<i>To Sir Hugh Portman, Knt. 1598</i>	49
<i>To Sir Anthony Standen, Knt. 1599</i>	51
<i>General Fairfax to Prince Rupert, to surrender Bristol Castle</i>	54
<i>Prince Rupert's Answer</i>	57
<i>General Fairfax's Reply</i>	ib.
<i>Sonnet, by Queen Elizabeth</i>	58
<i>To Prince Henry, from Sir John Harington,</i> 1609	61
<i>To Gardiner, Bishop of Wynchester, from J. Harington, in the Tower, 1554</i>	63
<i>From John Bigg, Maior of Bath to J. Harington, an Invitation to be chose Member for that City,</i> 1645	65
<i>Mr. Cheeke to the Duke of Somerset, Lord Pro- tector in the Reign of Edward VI.</i>	66
<i>Mr. Cheeke to King Edward</i>	71
<i>Mr. Fenton to J. Harington, at Bathe, 1597</i>	75

From

The CONTENTS.

*From Lord Harington to Sir John Harington, at
Bathe, 1606* ————— 78

*From J. Lesley to James Harington, Esq; on his
Oceana* ————— 82

*Verses written by Lord Admiral Seymour the Week
before he was beheaded, 1549* ————— 86

*Verses on Lord Admiral Seymour's Picture, by
J. H. 1567* ————— 87

*The Praise of six Gentle Women attending the Ladye
Elizabeth her Grace, at Hatfield-House* 88

Sonnet, by John Harington, 1554 ————— 91

The Hospitable Oake ————— 93

*Elegy wrote in the Tower by John Harington, con-
fined with the Princess Elizabeth 1554, on Lord
Admiral Seymour, after his being beheaded* 95

Sonnet wrote in the Tower 1554 ————— 97

A Description of Tyme, 1564 ————— 99

*John Harington from the Tower to Gardiner,
Bishop of Winchester, 1554* ————— 103

Elegie, by Mr. Prideaux, on Gardiner 105

Prideaux's Elegie answered ————— 109

Words

The CONTENTS.

<i>Words spoken by the Quene to Master Cecill, afterwards Lord Burleigh</i>	114
<i>Words spoken by the Quene to the Lordes at her Accession</i>	ib.
<i>Extract from a Speech of Q. Elizabeth to her Parliament, relating to her Celibacy, 1575</i>	116
<i>Letter by Queen Elizabeth</i>	117
<i>Letter dictated by the Queen</i>	119
<i>Sir Robert Sydney to Sir John Harington, 1600</i>	120
<i>Romantic Letter from John Harington to his Sister Elizabeth, 1647</i>	124
<i>Sonnet on Isabella Markham, 1564</i>	129
<i>Verses on a Mayden who barbede her selfe on the Deathe of a noble Knyghte, Friende to J. H., 1564</i>	130
<i>Sir John Harington to Lorde Treasurer Burleigh, 1595</i>	132
<i>The Monks Hymn to Saunte Satan, chauntede dailey in their Cells, tith goodlie Kynge Henry spoyled their Singing, 1546</i>	134
<i>A Letter of the Queenes Majesties Translation out of Seneca, 1567</i>	135
	State

The CONTENTS.

State of Ireland as it appeared to the Army Inspectors in Queen Elizabeth's Time, during the Rebellion in 1599 ————— 139

Letter from Ascham, Tutor to Queen Elizabeth, to the Earl of Leicester, 1566 ————— 145

Another Letter from J. H. dated at Cambridge, 1647, to his Sister, being Part of the History begun p. 124 ————— 155

John Harington to his Sister, on Flostella's Death, 1647 ————— 159

Mr. Cheeke to Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, 1554 ————— 163

Mr. Cheeke to Sir John Mason, 1554 167

Mr. Cheeke to Lord Pagett, 1554 — 169

Mr. Cheeke to John Harington, Esq; 1554 171

Mr. Cheeke to Queene Mary ————— 173

Mr. Cheeke to my Lord Pagett, 1553 175

Ascham's Letter to his Wife Margaret, on the Death of her new-born Child ————— 177

SONNETS, by John Harington, Esq; and some others, 1547 ————— 183

Letter

The CONTENTS.

Letter from Mr. Hyde, afterwards Earl of Clarendon, to Lord Poulett, 1660 — 200

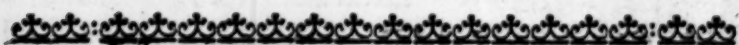
Lord Poulett's Answer to Mr. Hyde — 202

Certificate of Noblemen and Gentlemen of the County of Somerset, on the Case of John Harington, for having accepted a Commission from Oliver Cromwell — 204

Letter from John Harington to Mr. Newton, afterwards Sir Isaac, 1693. — 206

Mr. Newton's Answer, 1693 — 208

APPENDIX.



N. B. The Reader is desired to excuse any erroneous Dates or Names which may occur from the Transcriber's mistaking obscure Characters in the MSS; or if he finds any Pieces which may be inserted in some old scarce Publications, unknown to the Editor.

TO

TO THE READER.

THE great Selden says, that “the
 “complexion of the times and
 “manners of men are best seen in fa-
 “miliar letters on private matters; for,
 “when men write to the multitude, they
 “cloak their own thoughts in the hopes
 “or fears of others; but simple Friend-
 “ship doth unbosom herself in all purity
 “with no dread of treachery. Much
 “may be gathered from mean men and
 “vulgar matters in this wise, as private
 “correspondence informs us through all
 “ages.” Though the following letters
 are not greatly interesting, they are ori-
 ginals, and may afford some degree of
 amusement to those who indulge an idle
 curiosity of this nature. The Editor will

make no farther apology for troubling the public, but plead in his defence several precedents of this trifling kind which prompted him to trust to the readers indulgence.

N. B. The print of the Princess Elizabeth is taken from an original plate given by herself to her attendant Isabella Harrington, soon after her enlargement from the Tower, 1554, and is in the Editor's possession; mention of which is made in some of the following letters. —

•• The original Spelling in some of these Letters is not preserved; the great Difficulty, attending the transcribing them from very obscure and ill-written Copies, occasioned the omitting that Particular, and only preserved the Words as now spelt, to save Time.

L E T-

LETTER

TO

PRINCE HENRY,

FROM

Sir JOHN HARINGTON.

Of the Bishops of BATH and WELLS,
and first of Dr. Oliver King. *

Much honoured PRINCE,

CONCERNING Bath I have such plenty of matter to entertaine your Highnesse with (I meane variety of discourse) as I study rather how to abbreviate it, then how to amplify it: I should have begunne at Bishop Bar-

* This letter to Prince Henry was printed in Sir John Harington's Brief View of the Church, dedicated to that Prince; but, as this book is very scarce, the reprinting the History of the Church of Bathe and Wells may not be unacceptable, from its containing some anecdotes not to be met with elsewhere.

low, but I respect so much the very name of King, as I could not let him passe without some homage; and, because the chiefe Bath of which the towne, hath the name is called the Kings Bath, I shall add somewhat also, either omitted, or but sleightly touched in the precedent booke by mine authour, but somewhat more largely handled in the Latin treatise mentioned by him page 307, in the life of Stillington, out of which I will cite a passage or two as occasion shall serve.

First, therefore, for the city of Bath; to omit all the antiquities noted by Mr. Camden and other good authours, as also seen by my selfe, I observe this, that, amongst all our old traditions and legends thereof, that seemeth, as it were, purposely left in suspence, and not yet fully determined, whether the crowne or the mitre have more claime to the vertue that all men see and say to be in these waters. Some affirme that King Bladud, a learned King, brought up at Athens, long before Christs time, either by his cunning in magick did frame it, or rather by his searche did finde it, or at least with his cost did first found it: Others believe that King Arthurs uncle, St. David, a Bishop of Wales, that lived longer with leekes then we doe now with with larkes and quailles, by his prayer procured this vertue to these springs; but this is manifest by most credible histories, that Offa, King of Mercia, built a goodly abby there, where before had been a temple of Minerva and Hercules, whom they feigned to be presidents of hot bathes. This monastery, built
by

by Offa, 775, was destroyed by the Danes, being then no Christians, about the yeare 900. Then it was reedified by Elphegus, Bishop of Canterbury, 1010, and continued in great estimation for a place of holy and strickt life, but had not yet the title of a bishoprick, till John de Villula, a French man borne, and a physician by profession, being made Bishop of Wells, which was in Latin de Fontibus, admiring the vertue of these bathes, and the cures they wrought, for which it had been long before by the Saxons surnamed Akmanchester, that is, sick mans towne. This John de Villula, thinking this place, de Fontibus, more honourable then the other call'd Wells, bought this city of K. William Rufus, and translated his seat thither. And, finding that both that towne and abbey had beene late before defaced with fire, he new built both about the yeare 1122, and was the first Bishop was buried there.

Then was that againe burned in the yeare 1132, and repaired againe by Bishop Robert, and remained still the Bishops seat and inheritance, till that bankrout Bishop Savaricus, for covetousnesse of Glastenbury, *In mercedem huius unionis* (to use my authours word) for recompence of this union of Glastenbury to Wells, gave Bath againe to King Richard the first; and yet, notwithstanding these two so huge revenues, he spent so prodigally and unprovidently, in his many journeyes to the Emperour, that it is written he had a legion of creditors, and for his wandring humours he

had this written for an epitaph, though not set on his tombe at Bath.

*Hospes eras Mundo per Mundum semper eundo,
Sic suprema dies fit tibi prima quies.*

Thus Bath againe, after 100 yeares, became the Kings, and ever may it be so. But the church was not so sufficiently repaired as it ought, in so much that in Henry the seventh's time it was ready to fall, what time that Oliver King, about 100 yeares since, built it againe, with so goodly a fabrick as the stone work stands yet so firme, notwithstanding the injuries of men, time, and tempests upon it. Here I may by no meanes omit, yet I can scarce tell how to relate the pretty tales that are told of this Bishop King, by what visions, predictions, he was encouraged and discouraged in the building of this church, whether some cunning woman had foretold him of the spoyle that followed, as Paulus Jovius writes how a witch deceived his next successor Hadrian Bishop of Bath, or whether his own minde running of it gave him occasion to dreame sleeping of that he thought waking; but this goes so currant, and confirmed with pretty probabilities: That lying at Bath, and musing or meditating one night late, after his devotions and prayers for the prosperity of Henry the seventh and his children (who were then all or most part living) to which King he was principall Secretary, and by him preferred to this bishoprick; he saw, or supposed he saw a vision of the
holy

holy Trinity, with Angels ascending and descending by a ladder, neere to the which there was a fair olive tree supporting a crowne, and a voyce said, Let an Olive establish the crowne, and let a King restore the church. Of this dreame or vision he took exceeding great comfort, and told it divers of his friends, applying it to the King his master in part, and some part to himselfe. To his Mr. because the olive, being the emblem or hieroglyphick of peace and plenty, seemed to him to allude to King Henry the seventh, who was worthily counted the wisest and most peaceable King in all Europe of that age. To himselfe (for the wisest will flatter themselves sometimes) because he was not only a chiefe Councillor to this King, and had been his Ambassadour to conclude a most honourable peace with Charles the eight, who paid (as Hollinshed writeth) 745. duckets, besides a yearly tribute of 25000 crownes, but also he carried both the Olive and King in his name; and therefore thought he was specially designed for this church work, to the advancement of which he had an extraordinary inclination. Thus, though (as St. Thomas of Aquin well noteth) all dreames, be they never so sensible, will be found to halt in some part of their coherence; and so perhaps may this: Yet most certaine it is, for the time he was so transported with this dreame, that he presently set in hand with this church (the ruines whereof I rue to behold even in writing these lines) and at the west end thereof he caused a representation to be graved of this vision of the Trinity,

the Angels and the ladder; and, on the north side, the olive and crowne, with certaine French words (which I could not read); but in English is this verse, taken out of the booke of Judges, chap. 9.

*Trees, going to chuse their King,
Said be to us the Olive King.*

All which is so curiously cut and carved, as, in the west part of England, is no better worke then in the west end of this poore church; and, to make the credit of all this more authenticke, he added this word to it, *De sursum est*, it is from high. Thus much the stones and walls (though dumbe witnessess yet credible) doe plainly testifie. But in midst of all this jollity, having made so faire a beginning, to his owne great content, and no lesse to the Kings, who came into this country at that time, and lay at the Deane of Wells his house nine dayes; I say in all this joy and comfort, that hapned the Kings Primogenitus, the noble Prince Arthur, having lately before married a great Infanta of Spaine, to depart this life. This so daunted the heart and hopes of this good Bishop, that he doubted now his vision would prove but an illusion; that his Oliva would be but an Oleaster; which melancholy thoughts were increast in him by the predictions, as I touched before, of some wizards (to which kind of men that age was much affected) concerning the new Prince, who was after Henry the 8th, of his incestuous marriage, of the decay of his
off-

off-spring, that he should pull down what the Kings had builded, which no marvell if the Bishop, being by surname a King, mistrusted to pertaine also to his buildings. I heard by one Flower of Phillips Norton, who said he saw Henry the seventh in this country, that this Bishop would wish he paid above the price of it, so it might have been finished; for, if he ended it not, it would be pulled downe e're it were perfected. As for the latter predictions, or rather postdictions (since this Bishops death) I willingly omit concerning the successors of this Bishop, as things worthier to be contemned then condemned, written by Cole-prophets upon whited walls, which the Italian calls the paper of fooles. *Muro bianco charta di matto*, of which sort many have beene made as well by our owne country men as others; but the best I remember was this, written by an English gentleman since the three and fortieth yeare of Queen Elizabeth, on the church wall with a charcole.

*O church I waile thy woofull plight,
Whom King nor Cardinal, Clark nor Knight,
Have yet restored to ancient right.*

Subscribed Ignoto.

Whereunto a Captaine of another country wrote this for the comfort of this church; and I wish him to prove a true prophet (though perhaps he dyed rather a martyr.)

*Be blythe, faire kirk, when Hempe is past,
Thine Olive that ill winds did blast,
Shall flourish greene for aye to last.*

Subscribed Cassadore.

But to proceed in this sad story, and leave this pleasant poetry, to pursue truths and eschue fictions, to embrace reason and refuse rime ; it is most apparent that, after the death of this Oliver King, his successors Cardinall Adrian, Cardinall Woolsey, Bishop Clerke, and Bishop Knight, all succeeded in five and thirty yeares, of which the first two were supposed to poyson themselves ; the third to be poysoned by others ; the last survived to see the death, or, at least, the deadly wound of this church ; for, while the builders were ready to have finisht it, the destroyers came to demolish it ; yet, to give the Devill his right (as the proverb is) it is said that the commissioners, in reverence and compassion of the place, did so far strain their commission, that they offered to sell the whole church to the town under 500 marks. But the townsmen, fearing they might be thought to couzen the King, if they bought it so cheap, or that it might after (as many things were) be found conceal'd, utterly refused it ; whereupon certain merchants bought all the glasse, iron, bells, and lead, of which lead alone was accounted for (as I have credibly heard) 480 tun, worth at this day 4800 l. But what became of these spoiles and spoylers.

Desit

*Desit in hac mihi parte fides,
neque credite factum;
Aut si credetis facti quoque
credite pœnam.*

For I may well say, *Non possum quin exclamem.* But, in a word, soon after the sellers lost their heads, the buyers lost their goods, being laid up in the great treasury of Antichrist, I mean drowned in the sea, from whence (as some write) by the Devills power, he shall recover all lost treasures for the maintaining of his unmeasurable guifts. Thus speedily it was pull'd down; but, how slow it hath risen again, I may blush to write. Collections have been made over all England, with which the chancel is covered with blew slate, and an alms house built *ex abundantia*; but the whole body of the church stands bare *ex humilitate*. The rest of the money, never coming to the townsmens hands, is laid up, as I suppose, with that money collected for Pauls steeple, which I leave to a *melius inquirendum*. And thus the church lies still like the poor traveller mentioned in the 10. of Luke, spoiled and wounded by theeves. The Priests go by, the Levites go by, but do nothing. Onely a good Samaritan, honest M. Billet (worthy to be billited in the new Jerusalem) hath powr'd some oyl in the wounds, and maintained it in life. In so much as a wealthy citizen of London hath adventured to set his tomb there, whom I commend more worthily then the Senate of Rome did thank Varro at
his

his return from Cannas, *quod de salute reipublicæ non desperasset* ; for it seems this honest citizen did not despair of the reedifying this church that gave order to be richly entomb'd therein, and thus much be said of this last church of Bath.

Bishop BARLOW.

The next I am to write of is Bishop Barlow, of whom my authour in this book saith little : In the Latin treatise there is somewhat more ; and I will add a word to both. Bath (as I have noted before) is but a title in this bishoprick, so as for many years Bath had the name, but Wells had the game ; but yet, that one may know they be sisters, your Highness shall understand that this game I speak of, which was one of the fairest of England, by certain booty play between a Protector and a Bishop (I suppose it was at Tic-tak), was like to have been lost with a why not ; and to use rather another mans word then mine own to explain this metaphor : Thus saith the Latine relation of him. He was a man no less godly then learned ; but not so remarkable in any thing as in his fortunate off-spring, for which Niobe and Latona might envy them, happy in his own children, more happy in their matches (to let passe his sonnes, of whom one is now Prebend in Wells, and esteemed most worthy of such a father. He had five daughters, whom he bestowed on five most worthy men, of which three are Bishops at this hour ; the other, for their merit,
are,

are, in mens expectation, designed to the like dignity hereafter. Howbeit (saith he) in one thing this Prelate is to be deemed unfortunate; that while he was Bishop his sea received so great a blow, losing, at one clap, all the rents and revenues belonging to it. Thus he; and soon after he tells, that for his marriage he was deprived, and lived as a man banisht in Germany. Here is his praise, here is his dispraise. If he were deprived for a lawfull act, no marvel if he be deprived for an unlawful: sith then my authour compares his felicity with that of Niobe, I will also compare his misfortune with Peleus, making *Ovids* verse to serve my turn, in changing but a word or two.

*Felix & Natis felix & conjuge Barlow,
Et cui si demas spoliati crimina templi
Omnia contigerant; hoc tanto crimine fontem
Accepit profugum patria Germanica tellus.*

But God would not suffer this morsell to be quite swallowed, but that it choaked the feeders; to say nothing in this place, but how the Protector was foretold by a poet, that he should lose his head.

*Æstatis sedes qui sacras diruis ædes,
Pro certo credes quod Cephas perdere debes.*

I speak now onely of the spoil made under this Bishop: Scarce were five yeares past after Bathes ruines, but as fast went the axes and hammers to work at Wells. The goodly hall
covered

covered with lead (because the roof might seem too low for so large a room) was uncovered, and now this roof reaches to the skie. The chapel of our Lady, late repaired by Stillington, a place of great reverence and antiquity, was likewise defaced; and such was their thirst after lead (I would they had drunk it scalding) that they took the dead bodies of Bishops out of their leaden coffins, and cast abroad the carcases scarce thoroughly putrified. The statues of brass, and all the ancient monuments of Kings, benefactors to that goodly cathedrall church, went all the same way, sold, as my author writes, to an Alderman of London, who being then rich, and by this great bargain, thinking to have increast it, found it like *aurum Tholosanum*; for he so decayed after, no man knew how, that he brake in his majoralty. The statues for Kings were shipt for Bristol; but, disdaining to be banisht out of their own country, chose rather to lie in St. Georges channel, where the ship was drown'd. Let atheists laugh at such losses, and call them mischances; but all that truly fear God will count them terrible judgements.

These things were, I will not say done, I will say at least suffered by this Bishop; but I doubt not but he repented hereof, and did penance also in his banishment in *sacco & cinere*. But some will say to me, why did he not sue to be restored to his bishoprick at his return, finding it vacant, but rather accepted of Chichester: I have asked this question, and I have received this answer, by which I am half persuaded,

swaded, that Wells also had their prophecies as well as Bath, and that this Bishop was premonstrated (that I may not say predestinate) to give this great wound to this bishoprick. There remain yet in the body of Wells church, about 30 foot high, two eminent images of stone set there, as is thought, by Bishop Burnel that built the great hall there in the reign of Ed. 1. but most certainly long before the reign of H. 8. One of these images is a King crowned; the other is of a Bishop mitred. This King in all proportions resembling H. 8. holdeth in his hand a child falling; the Bishop hath a woman and children about him. Now the old men of Wells had a tradition, that when there should be such a King, and such a bishop, then the church should be in danger of ruine. This falling child, they say, was King Edward; the fruitfull Bishop, they affirmed, was Doctor Barlow, the first married Bishop of Wells, and, perhaps, of England. This talk being rise in Wells, in Queen Maries time, made him rather affect Chichester, at his return, than Wells, where not onely the things that were ruined, but those that remained, serv'd for records and remembrances of his sacriledge.

Of Bishop THOMAS GODWIN.

Of Bishop Gilbert Bourn I can add nothing; and of the other Gilbert but a word, that he was a good Justicer, as saith the same authour (*nisi quatenus homo uxoris conjugis importunitate impulsus a veri ac recti tramite aberravit*) saving that,

that, sometimes being ruled by his wife, by her importunity he swarved from the rule of justice and sincerity, especially in persecuting the kindred of Bourn his predecessor. The same went that he dyed very rich, but the same importunate woman carried it all away, that neither church nor poor were the better for it. But for Doctor Godwin, of whom I am to speak, I must, with my authours leave, add a word of mine own knowledge. He came to the place as well qualified for a Bishop as might be un-reprovably without simonie, given to good hospitality, quiet, kind, affable, a widdower, and in the Queens very good opinion. *Non minor est virtus quam quærere parta tuari*, if he had held on as clear as he entred, I should have highly extold him; but see his misfortune that first lost him the Queens favour, and, after forc't him to another mischief. Being, as I said, aged and diseased, and lame of the gout, he married (as some thought for opinion of wealth) a widow of London. A chief favourite of that time (whom I am sorry to have occasion to name again in this kind) had labored to get the manour of Banwell from this bishoprick, and disdainig the repulse, now hearing this intempestive mariage, took advantage thereof, caused it to be told the Queen (knowing how much she misliked such matches) and instantly pursued the Bishop with letters and mandats for the mannour of Banwell for 100 yeers. The good Bishop, not expecting such a sudden tempest, was greatly perplext; yet a while he held out, and indured many sharp messages from the Queen,

Queen, of which my self caried him one, delivered me by my Lord of Leicester, who seemed to favour the Bishop, and mislike with the Knight for molesting him; but they were soon agreed, like Pilat and Herod, to condemn Christ. Never was harmless man so traduced to his Sovereign, that he had married a girl of twenty years old, with a great portion; that he had conveyed half the bishoprick to her; that (because he had the gout) he could not stand to his marriage; with such scoffs to make him ridiculous to the vulgar, and odious to the Queen.

The good Earl of Bedford happening to be present when these tales were told, and knowing the Londoners widdow the Bishop had married, said merrily to the Queen, after his dry manner, Madam, I know not how much the woman is above twenty, but I know a sonne of hers is but little under forty; but this rather mar'd then mended the matter. One said, *Majus peccatum habet*. Another told of three sorts of marriage, of Gods making, as when Adam and Eve, two young folks, were coupled; of mans making, when one is old and the other young, as Josephs marriage; and of the Devills making, when two old folks marry not for comfort, but for covetousness, and such they said was this. The conclusion to the premisses was this; that to pacifie his persecutors, and to save Banwell, he was faine with Wilscombe for 99 yeeres (I would it had been 100.) and so purchased his peace. Thus the bishoprick, as well as the Bishop, were punished, who wished in his heart he had
never

never taken this preferment to foile himself in his decrepid age, with that stain, that all his life he had abhorred, and to be made an instrument of another mans sacriledge, and used like a leaden conduit pipe to convey waters to others, and drinke nothing but the dreggs and drosse and rust it selfe, wherefore right honesty and modesty, and no lesse learnedly writes his owne sonne of him in the forenamed treatise. *O illum fœlicem si fœlix manere maluisset, quam regiminis ecclesiastici labores tum suscipere, cum laboribus impar fractus senio necessum illi fuerit aliorum uti auxilio, &c.* O happy he if he would rather have remained happy (where he was) then to undergoe the labours of ecclesiastical government when he grew unable to travell, broken with age constrained to use the helpe of others, who, though their duty required a care of so good a natur'd old man, yet they proving, as most do, negligent of others good, and too greedy of their owne, overthrew both. For my part, though I loved him well, and some of his, yet, in this case, I can make no other apology for him, nor use no other plea in his defence, but such as able debtors doe, that when they are sued, upon just occasions, plead *per minas*; or rather to liken him to an husband-man, that dwelling neare a Judge that was a great builder, and comming one day among divers other neighbours with carriages, some of stone, some tin; the steward, as the manner of the country was, provided two tables for their dinners; for those that came upon request, powdered beefe, and, perhaps, venison; for those that

that came for hire, poor-john and applepies and having envited them to sit downe in his Lordships name, telling them one boord was for them that came in love, the other for those that came for money; this husband-man and his hind sate not downe at either, the which the steward imputing to simplicity, repeated his former words again, praying them to sit downe accordingly; but he answered (for there is craft in the clouted shooe) he saw no table for him, for he came neither for love nor money, but for very feare; and even so I dare answer for this Bishop, he neither gave Wilscombe for love, nor sold it for money, but left it for fear.

How strangely he was intrapt in the unfit marriage, I know not; if it may be called a marriage.

Non Hymenæus adest illi, non gratia lecto.

Himselfe protested to me, with teares in his eyes, he took her but for a guid of his house; and for the rest (they were his own words) he lived with her as Joseph did with our Lady. Setting this one disgrace of his aside, he was a man very well esteemed in the country, beloved of all men for his great hospitality; of the better sort, for his kinde entertainment and pleasant discourse at his table; his reading had been much, his judgement and doctrine sound, his government mild and not violent, his minde charitable; and therefore I doubt not but, when he lost this life, he wonne heaven according to his word, Win God, win all. This, I say, truly

truly of him, which his son was not so fit to say, for feare, perhaps, of the foolish saying, yet wise enough if it be well understood. *Nemo laudat patrem nisi improbus filius.*

DOCTOR JOHN STILL.

But what stile shall I use to set forth this Still, whom well nigh thirty yeares since my reverent tutor in Cambridge stil'd by this name Divine Still, who, when my selfe came to him to sue for my grace to be batchelour, first he examined me stricktly, and after answered me kindly, that the grace he granted me was not of grace, but of merit, who was often content to grace my young exercises with his venerable presence, who, from that time to this, hath given me some helpes, more hopes, all encouragements in my best studies. To whom I never came but I grew more religious; from whom I never went but I parted better instructed. Of him therefore my acquaintance, my friend, my instructor, and, lastly, my diocæsan, if I speake much, it were not to be marvelled; if I speake franckly, it is not to be blamed; and, though I speake partially, it were to be pardoned; yet, to keep within my proportion, custome, and promise, in all these I must say this of him; his breeding was from his childhood in good literature, and partly in musick, which was counted in those dayes a preparative to divinity; neither could any be admitted to *primam tonsuram*, except he could first *bene le bene con bene can*, as they called it, which is to read well, to
conster

conster well, and to sing well; in which last he hath good judgement, and I have heard good musick of voyces in his house. In his full time, more full of learning, he became batchelor of divinity, and after doctor; and so famous for a preacher, and especially a disputer, that the learned'st were even afraid to dispute with him, and he finding his own strength could not stick to warne them in their arguments to take heed to their answers, like a perfect fencer that will tell aforehand in which button he will give the venew; or like a cunning chef-player that will appoint aforehand with which pawne, and in what place he will give the mate; and, not to insift long in a matter so notorious, it may suffice, that about twenty yeares since, when the great dyet or meeting should have beene in Germany for composing matters in religion, Doctor Still was chosen for Cambridge, and Doctor Humphrey for Oxford, to oppose all commers for the defence of the English church; for this his knowne sufficiency he was not long unfurnish't of double honour. The Puritans in Cambridge wooed him, and would fain have wonne him to their part; and, seeing they could not, they forbare not in the pulpit, after their fashion, to glaunce at him, among others, with their equivocations and epigrams. There was one Mr. Kay that offended them; and one said in a sermon, that of all complexions the worst neare such as were Kay-cold; and in the same sermon, and the like veine, he said, that some could not be contented with a living worth 100l. a year; another worth 120l. but Still

will have more. But, howsoever they snarl'd, this Still was counted worthy of more; so as in the year 1592, being the 34. of the late Queen, he was prefer'd to this see, after it had bin vacant well nigh three years. During the vacancy I can well remember, there was great enquiring who should have it; and, as if all Bishops should now be sworn to follow *usum Sarum*, every man made reckoning that the manour house and park of Banwel should be made a reward of some courtier; it encreast also this suspicion, that Sir Thomas Hennage, an old courtier and a zealous Puritan, was said to have an ore in the matter, whose conscience, if it were such in the clergy, as that was found in the dutchy, might well have digested a better booty then Banwell. But, when it was notified once who was named to it, I had better conceit, and straight I wrot to him as of old Cambridge acquaintance, and, in such rusty Latin as I had left, gave him warning of this rumour, which he tooke exceeding kindly at my hands; though some others frowned on me for it many months after. So that for his entry to it, I may boldly say that I said before of his predecessor, that he came cleerly to it without any touch or scandall; that he brought a good report from the places where he had lived; shewed himselfe well natured and courteous to the kindred of his predecessor; had a farre greater fame of learning and merit; and, which the Queen liked best of all, was single, and a widdower. Nay I may compare them yet further; he married also soone after he was settled, and the

Queene

Queene was nothing well pleased with his marriage. Howbeit in all indifferent censures this marriage was much more justifiable then the other for age, for use, for end; he being not too old, nor she too young, being daughter to a worshipfull Knight of the same country and a great house-keeper, and drawing with her a kinde of alliance with Judge Popham that swayed all the temporall government of the country. These respects though I will not strive greatly to praise in a Bishop, yet the common sort will allow no doubt for wise and provident, so as the Queenes displeasure (your times being somewhat more propitious and favourable to bishopricks since Bishop Wickhams sermon) was the easier pacified without so costly a sacrifice as a whole mannour, and she contented her selfe only to breake a jest upon the name of the Bishop, saying to Sir Henry Barckley, It was a dangerous name for a Bishop to match with a Horn-er. Since which time he hath preached before her more then once, and hath received good testimonies of her good opinion, and God hath also blest him many wayes very greatly to see his children well brought up, well bestowed, and to have an unexpected revenue, out of the entralls of the earth (I mean the leaden mines of Mendip) greater then his predecessor had above ground, so as this Bishop seems to be blessed with Joseph's blessing, *Benedictionibus cæli sursum, benedictionibus Abyssi jacentis deorsum, benedictionibus uberis & vulvæ*; with blessing from heaven above, blessing from the deepe that lyeth beneath, blessings of the breasts and of the

B

wombe;

wombe; which fortunate increase of living hap-
 ning to a provident man that was ever *homo*
frugi, it is supposed hath brought him to a great
 ability. In so much that his Church of Bath
 seemes to conceive some hope that he will have
 compassion of her ruines at the least (as Sir
 Arthur Hopton, a good Knight of the Bath, was
 wont between earnest and sport to motion unto
 him to give toward it but the lead to cover it,
 which would cost him nothing; but he would
 reply again, Well said, gentle Sir Arthur, you
 will cosse me as you scoffe me, which is no
 great token that he liketh the motion. Yet
 at his being at Bath he promised them very
 faire, which they are bound to remember him
 of sometime by their friends. One trifling
 accident hapned to his Lordship there that I
 have thought of more consequence, and I tell
 him that I never knew him *non plus* in ar-
 gument but there. There was a crafts man
 of Bath, a Recusant Puritan, who condemning
 our Church, our Bishops, our Sacraments, our
 Prayers, was condemned himself to dye at the
 Assizes, but at my request Judge Adderton re-
 prievied him, and he was suffered to remain at
 Bath upon baile. The Bishop confer'd with him
 in hope to convert him, and first my Lord al-
 ledged for the authority of the Church St. Au-
 gustine; the shoemaker answered Austin was
 but a man; he produced for antiquity of Bishops
 the Fathers of the Councell of Nice; he answer-
 ed, they were also but men and might erre;
 why then said the Bishop thou are but a man
 and mayest and doest erre. No, Sir, saith he, the
 Spirit

Spirit beares witness to my spirit I am the child of God: Alasse, saith the Bishop, thy blinde spirit will lead thee to the gallowes: If I dye, saith he, in the Lords cause, I shall be a martyr. The Bishop, turning to me, stirred as much to pittie as impatience: This man, said he, is not a sheepe strayed from the fold, for such may be brought in againe on the shepherds shoulders; but this is like a wild buck broken out of a parke, whose pale is throwne downe, that flies the farther off the more he is hunted. Yet this man that stopt his eares like the adder to the charmes of the Bishop, was after perswaded by a lay-man, and grew comfortable. But to draw to an end (in one question) this Bishop, whom I count an oracle for learning, would never give me satisfaction; and that was, when I askt him his opinion of witches. He saith, he knowes other mens opinions, both old and new writers, but could never so digest them, to make them an opinion of his owne. All I can get is this, that the Diuel is the old Serpent, our enemy that we pray to be delivered from daily; as willing to have us thinke he can doe so much as to have us perswaded he doth nothing. To conclude of this Bishop without flattery, I hold him a rare man for preaching, for arguing, for learning, for living; I could onely wish that in all these he would make lesse use of logick, and more of rhetorick.

I rest in all Humilitie

Your Highness' Servant,

JOHN HARINGTON.

B 2

Report

Report of a Journey into the North of Ireland written to Justice CARY, by Sir JOHN HARINGTON, 1599.

HAVING expected shipping till the 8th of this month, and meeting with none convenient, in respect that all were taken up with sick souldiers, or with my Lord Leutenants horses, I was desirous to make some use of the time that I should stay here, and therefore was easily persuaded to go with Sir William Warren, my kind friend, with whom I had been formerly acquainted in England, and to see some part of the realme northward, and the Arch-Rebel himself, with whom Sir William was to treat.

But staying at Dundalk till the 15th of this month, and no news certain of the Earl's coming, I went to see the Newry, and from thence to Darlingford by the narrow water, and was hinderd by waters that I could not come back to Sir William Warren before his first meeting with the Earl Tyrone, which was on the 17th day; what time how far they proceeded I know not, but it appeared that the Earl was left in good dysposition, because he kept his hour so well, the next morning. And, as I found after, Sir William had told him of me, and given such report of me above my desert, that next day, when I came, the Earl used far greater respect to me, than I expected; and began debasing his own manner of hard life, comparing himself to wolves, that fill their bellies
sometime,

sometime, and fast as long for it ; then excused himself to me that he could no better call to mind myself, and some of my friends that had done him some courtesy in England ; and been oft in his company at my Lord of Ormonds ; saying these troubles had made him forget almost all his friends.

After this he fell to private communication with Sir William, to the effecting of the matters begun the day before ; to which I thought it not fit to intrude myself, but took occasion the while to entertain his two sons, by posing them in their learning, and their Tutors, which were one Fryar Nangle, a Franciscan, and a younger scholer, whose name I know not ; and finding the two childern of good towardly spirit, their age between thirteen and fifteen, in English cloths like a Nobleman's sons ; with velvet gerkins and gold lace ; of a good chearful aspect, freckle faced, not tall of stature, but strong, and well set, both of them their English tongue.

I gave them, not without the advice of Sir William Warren, my English translation of Ariosto, which I got at Dublin : which their Teachers took very thankfully, and soon after shewed it the Earl, who call'd to see it openly, and would needs hear some part of it read ; I turn'd, as it had been by chance, to the beginning of the 45th canto, and some other passages of the book, which he seemed to like so well, that he solemnly swore his boys should read all the book over to him.

Then they fell to communication again; and, calling me to him, he said, that I should witness, and tell my Lord Lieutenant, how, against all his confederates wills, Sir William had drawn him to a longer cessation, which he would never have agreed to, but in confidence of my Lords honourable dealing with him; for, saith he, now is my harvest time, now have my men their six weeks pay afore-hand, that they have nothing to do but fight; and if I omit this opportunity, and then you shall prepare to invade me the mean time, I may be condemned for a fool.

Also one pretty thing I noted, that the paper being drawn for him to sign, and his signing it with O'Neal, Sir William (though with very great difficulty) made him to new write it, and subscribe Hugh Tyrone. Then we broke our fasts with him, and at his meat he was very merry, and it was my hap to thwart one of his priests in an argument, to which he gave reasonable good ear, and some approbation. He drank to my Lords health, and bade me tell him he loved him, and acknowledged this cessation had been very honourably kept. He made likewise a solemn protestation that he was not ambitious, but fought only safety of his life, and freedom of his conscience, without which he would not live, though the Queen would give him Ireland.

Then he asked of Sir Henry Harington, and said he heard he had much wrong, to have an imputation of want of courage, for the last defeat at Arkloo: protesting that himself had
known

known Sir Henry serve as valiantly as ever any man did, naming the time, place, and persons, all known to Sir William Warren. Other pleasant and idle tales were needless and impertinent, or to describe his fern table, fern forms spread under the statly canopy of heaven. His guard, for the most part, were beardless boys without shirts; who, in the frost, wade as familiarly through rivers as water spaniels. With what charm such a Master makes them love him I know not, but, if he bid come, they come; if go, they do go; if he say do this, they do it. He makes apparent show to be inclinable to peace; and some of his nearest followers have it buzzed amongst them, that some league of England with Spain or Scotland, or I know not where, may endanger them. But himself, no doubt, waits only to hear what my Lord Lieutenant intends, and according to that will bend his course.

Fryar Nangle swears all oaths, that he will do all the good he can, and that he is guiltless of the heinous crimes he is indited of; for, if he had his pardon, perhaps there might be made good use of him. This is all I remember any way worthy the writing to you, not doubting but Sir William Warren, that had the sole charge of this business, will give you much better account of the weightier affairs, than I that only went to see their manner of parting:

I remain in much duty,

JOHN HARINGTON.

To Mr. COMEE, from Trim in Ireland,
 . . . 1599.

GOOD Thomas, I have received sundry letters from you, and namely the last dated August 24th, which came not to my hands till the xxxth of September, whereby it seems the messenger made slow speed, and who it was I know not, and therefore, as I have directed others, so I wish you to name in your letters, if you may, by whom you send them, that they may receive thanks or blame, according to their care and speed. In sundry of your letters, I have received good advertisement and honest counsels, and great good wishes, all which I take in good part; and to satisfy you in part of my being here, and what I have seen, and how I have sped (for I find you hear many variable reports) you shall understand, that, since my Lord Lieutenant came into Ireland, the forces being divided as occasion required; some into Munster, some to Lesly, many into the North, and a few into Connoght; it was partly my hap, and partly my choice, for Sir Griffin Markhams sake, and three Markhams more, to go into Connoght, where I spent some weeks about Aloane, Ballinglow, Clanrickard, Galloway, and, lastly, Roscommon, the place then appointed for garrison. This while I saw many things, and some well worth the observing, both for war and peace; and notwithstanding all the dangerous passages through Paves (as they call those woods, which are full of Rebels)

and

and through divers fordes, which are likewise places of great disadvantage, yet we passed still through all with small losse; notwithstanding, I say, the attempts and ambushes of fiery Mark-hue, of Connor Roe, of the Obrians, of some of the Bourks, and other the Rebels, such as the Jaytes and O'Maddins, and many mad knaves beside. And this while my Lord Lieutenant went through Munster as far as Asketon, and was sometimes fought with upon places of advantage, but without any great loss on either side. Neither in all that journey was any thing done greatly worthy speaking of, but the taking of Cathyre, and one or two castles beside.

After this, the next journey was to O'phaley, where Sir Cunynes Clyfford, the Governor of Connought, met my Lord, and Sir Griffin Markham, and six of the best Gentlemen of his troop came with him, and served bravely on foot, for no horse could passe the way they came; they burned and spoiled a country called Ferrallie, and won a castle of Terryllies, one of the shrewdest Rebels of Ireland, and his companies did no lesse; so that all the countrey was on fire at once, and our coming was so unlook'd for, that, in the towns where we came the Rebels had not leisure to carry away their young childern, much lesse their corn and other stuff. In all this journey I was comerade to the Earl of Kildare, and slept both on one pillow every night for the most part; here, at the parting, my Lord gave Sir Griffin Markham great commendations, and made him Colonel and Commander of all the horse in Connought; and

gave me and some others the honour of knight-hood in the field ; and so, my honest Thomas, with honour, conquest, and content, we returned again into Connoght. But see the changes and chances of warr—The Governor woud needs undertake a journey to Sligo, with twenty one weak companies, that were not 1400 strong ; and a less proportion of horse than had been requisite for such a purpose ; and yet out of his too much haste and courage, after two long days march, with small rest, and less repast, he would needs draw his men to set upon the enemy in a place of great disadvantage, called the Curlews, where, though the enemy was at first repulsed, yet at last their numbers encreasing, and our munition failing, or some secret cause, that we know not, dismaying the footmen, they fell all in rout ; the Governor and Sir Alexander Radcliffe were slain 'ere they could come to their rescue. Some of our horse gave a desperate charge upon the hill, among rocks and bogs, where never horse were seen to charge before ; it is verily thought they had all been cut in peices, at least lost all their colours ; so that, if reputation were to be challenged when so great loss accompanied it, we might take upon us to have won some honour ; having, as Sir Henry Davers did pleasantly write to Sir Griffin Markham. not Roman citizens, but rascal soldiers, who, so their Commanders had been saved, had been worthy to have been half hanged for their rascal cowardliness ; neither was this good service of ours unpaid for—beside the loss of two or three good horse,

horse, and better men, Sir Griffin Markham was shot through the arm with a musket; and though he bare the hurt admirable well, for a day or two, and especially at the instant, yet ever since he hath kept his bed of it; and hath been in danger of his arm by the hurt, and of his life by an ague; but now he is, I hope, out of danger of both, and safe at Dublin.

Myself, after I had conducted him in a horse litter safe beyond danger of the Rebels, within eight miles of Dublin, went to Trim, the place appointed for our garrison, and from thence have visited Navan and Arbrachan, where my Lord Lieutenant lay yesterday, and the day before, and meant to go from thence to the Brennys; but most men think, by means the weather falls out so monstrous wet as the like hath not been seen, that he will not go far North.

I lye here at Mr. Robert Hammon's house, who is this year Port Reeve of Trim, as much in effect as Mayor. He shews the greatest gratitude to me, and to all my friends for my sake; that to my remembrance I can say no man hath done more. Yet was he not beholden to my father for one foot of his living, but only for his breeding. I recommend this example the rather unto you, because I would have you follow it as far as your ability and opportunity will give leave. Now you see by the course of this letter, that I have reason to thank God very greatly, that, among so many as have been hurt and slain, where I have been, and some shot even in the very same ranks I was of, I have escaped all this while without bodily

hurt. I protest there is much rather great cause to thank God who hath kept me so long in bodily health at Roscommon, where not so few as sixty died within the walls of the castle, in which we lay; and some as lusty men as any came out of England. In the camp, where drinking water, and milk, and vinegar, and aqua vitæ, and eating raw beef at midnight, and lying upon wet green corn oftentimes, and lying in my boots, with heats and colds, made many sick; yet myself (in a good hour be it spoken, and a better heard) was never sick, neither in the camp nor the castle, at sea or on land. Besides all this, to vaunt myself at large, to you, I have informed myself reasonably well of the whole state of the country, by observation and conference; so that I count the knowledge I have gotten here worth more than half the three hundred pounds this journey hath cost me. And as to warr, joyning the practise to the theory, and reading the book you so prays'd, and other books of Sir Griffin Markhams, with his conference and instructions, I hope at my coming home to talk of counterscarpes, and cazamats, with any of our Captains. The Irish Lords, Gentry, yea, and Citizens, where I come, I have found so apt to offer me kindness, so desirous of my acquaintance, that my friends think it a presage of a fortune I might rise to in this kingdom; though myself do little affect it, much less hope to effect it. My Ariosto has been entertained into Galloway before I came; when I got thither, a great Lady, a young Lady, and a fair Lady read herself asleep, nay dead

dead with a tale of it : The verse, I think so lively figured her fortune ; for, as Olympia was forsaken by the ungrateful Byrono, so had this Lady been left by her unkind Sir Calisthenes, whose hard dealing with her cannot be excused, no not by Demosthenes.

Lastly, which perhaps will seem strange to you, and was very grateful to me, three sons of my cousin Robert Markhams of Cottam, whom you know the world mistook to have been wronged by me, and consequently deeply offended at me, have in their several kinds and places offerd me such courtesies, kindneses, nay such services, as if they held me for one of their best friends in Ireland. Thus, gentle Thomas, I have, in recompence of your long letters, enlarged the discourse of my Irish affairs ; but I must not forget nor cease to tell her Majesties good, wise, and gracious providings for us her Captains and our soldiers, in summer heats and winter colds, in hunger and thirst, for our backs and our bellies. That is to say, every Captain of an hundred footmen doth receive weekly, upon every Saturday, his full entertainment of twenty-eight shillings. In like case, every Lieutenant fourteen shillings ; an Ensign seven shillings ; our serjeant, surgeon, drum, and fife, five shillings pay by way of imprest ; and every common soldier three shillings deliverd to all by the pole weekly. To the four last lower Officers two shillings weekly, and for every common soldier twenty pence weekly is to be answerd to the full value thereof, in good apparel of different kinds, part for winter,
and

and part for summer, which is orderd of good quality and stuff for the prices; patterns whereof must be sent to the Lord Deputy to be compared and prepard as followeth.

Apparel for an Officer in Winter.

A cassock of broad cloth with bays, and trimmed with silk lace, 27 shillings 7 pence.

A doublet of canvass with silk buttons, and lined with white linnen, 14 shillings 5 pence

Two shirts and two bands 9 shillings, and 6 pence

Three pair of kersey stockings at 2 shillings and 4 pence a pair, 7 shillings

Three pair of shoes of neats leather at 2 shillings and 4 pence per pair, 7 shillings

One pair of Venetians of broad Kentish cloth, with silver lace, 15 shillings 4 pence

In Summer.

Two shirts and bands, 9 shillings 6 pence

Two pair of shoes, 4 shillings 8 pence

One pair stockings, 2 shillings 8 pence

A felt hat and band, 5 shillings 5 pence

Apparel for a common soldier in Winter.

A cassock of Kentish broad cloth lined with cotton, and trimmed with buttons and loops, 17 shillings 6 pence

A doublet of canvass with white linnen lining, 12 shillings 6 pence

A hat cap coloured, seven shillings

Two

Two shirts of Ofanbridge holland and bands,
8 shillings

Three pair neats leather shoes 2 shillings 4 pence
each, 7 shillings.

Three pair kersey stockings, 8 shillings

One pair Venetians of Kentish broad cloth with
buttons, loops, and lining of linnen, thir-
teen shillings 4 pence.

In Summer.

Two shirts of Ofanbridge and 2 falling Hol-
land bands, 7 shillings

Two pair neats leather shoes, 4 shillings 8 pence

One pair of stockings, 2 shillings 8 pence

A hat cap coloured, 3 shillings

Thus, friend Thomas, her Majesty, with
wonted grace hath graced our bodies, and may
heav'ns grace cloath her in everlasting robes of
righteousness, and on earth peace to her who
always sheweth good will toward all men.

So resteth thy loving Master,

JOHN HARINGTON.

To

To Sir ANTHONY STANDEN, *Knight.*

S I R,

IT is not a lake of Lethe, that makes us forget our friends, but it is the lack of good messengers, for who will write, when his letters shall be opened by the way. and construed at pleasure, or rather displeasure?—Some used this in Ireland, that perhaps have repented it since in England. I came to Court in the very heat and height of all displeasures. After I had been there but an hour, I was threatned with the Fleet; I answered poetically, that, coming so late from the land-service, I hoped that I should not be prest to serve in her Majesty's fleet in Fleet-Street. After three days every man wondered to see me at liberty: but though in conscience there was neither rhyme nor reason to punish me for going to see Tyrone; yet, if my rhyme had not been better liked of then my reason, (I mean when I gave the young Baron of Dungannon an Ariosto) I think I had lain by the heels for it. But I had this good fortune, that, after four or five days, the Queen had talked of me and twice talked to me, though very briefly. At last she gave me a full and gracious audience in the Withdrawing chamber at Whitehall, where herself being accuser, judge, and witness, I was cleared, and graciously dismissed. What should I say! I seemed to myself for the time, like Saint Paul rapt into the third heaven, where he heard wordes not to be uttered by men; for neither must I utter what
I then

I then heard ; until I come to heaven, I shall never come before a statelier Judge again, nor one that can temper majesty, wisdom, learning, choler, and favour, better than her Highness did at that time. In the discourse you were not unspoken of her. You shall hear 'ere long, but not by writing, for I will send a man. Thus much I adventure to write by this boy, but I trust him with no messages. I omitted no opportunity of mentioning, and gracing the best I could, all my friends while I staid at London : But in December I came hither, but since I hear little, and do nothing but sit by a good fire, and feed my lean horses, and hearken for good news but hear none, save the certain expectation of peace with Spain.

My Lord Keeper is a widower ; Doctor Eaton hath eaten the bishoprick of Ely, all the Clergy with him choaked with it. Mr. Edmondesh hath been with the Dutchess of Burgundy, and well used, and she speaketh much honour of the Queen, which moves great hope of a league. You wonder I write nothing of One—believe me I hear nothing ; but HE * is where he was, and I think must be till these greater busineses be concluded. Let this suffice from a private country Knight, that lives among clouted shoes, in his frize jacket and gamoshes ; and who envies not the great Commanders of Ireland, but hereby commends himself to them.

Your true Friend,

Kelfton, near Barb,
Feb. 20, 1599.

JOHN HARINGTON.

• This was the Earl of Essex.

Letter

Letter to Mr. SUTTON, the Founder of the Charity Institution of the Charter-house School, occasioned by a Report that Sir John Harington had endeavoured to make his Court to King James, by saying, that Mr. Sutton would leave his great Fortune to Duke Charles, who was afterwards King of England, if the King (James) would create Sutton a Baron, and secure thereby the Estate to the Duke of York.

S I R,

YOUR strange message, first by my man, after by my son, now seconded with your speech to myself, did greatly trouble me. That I have undone you, overthrown your estate, disturbed your designs; that no man dare buy any land of you, be your feoffee, nor take any trust from you; so as that which you had ordained to good uses, and to redeem your sins, was now so incumberd, as you were scant master of your own; and all by means of a bruit among your friends, raised as you suppose by me, That you have made Duke Charles your heir, and the King your executor.

Far be it from me to to abuse or mis-report either so princelie and pious an intention, as I know his Majesty hath to further all good works, or so godlie a purpose, as you intend to do some; but God cannot be mocked, though we may
dissemble

dissemble with men. The letter is still extant which was my warrant. I have spoken nothing but within compass of that, and that very sparingly to your private friends; in which letter seeing you yourself would needs in your sense read a caveat to refuse honor because of age, which, in my construction, was an encouragement to take the honor due to your abilities and years; I have been since, and will be silent about it. For the suit you would make to his Majesty, which I will not so much as guess at, I will say what I thinke, you will make no suite, but such as will find favor and expedition, and, seeing you suppose I wronged you before, I would be glad to make you amends now by any endeavor of mine: Only, my old friend, you may not forgett to be a benefactor to Bath church in your life-time; for alms, in one's life, is like a light borne before one, whereas alms after death is like a candle carried behind one.

Do somewhat for this church, you promised to have seen it 'ere this; whensoever you will go to Bath, my lodgings shall be at your commandmente; the bath's would strengthen your sinews, the alms would comfort your soul.

The tower, the quire, and two isles, are already finished by Mr. Billett, executor to the worthie Lord Treasurer Burleigh; the walls are up ready for covering.

The lead is promised by our bountifull Bishop, Dr. Montague; timber is promised by the Earl of Shrewsbury, the Earl of Hartford, the Lord Say, Mr. Robert Hopton, and others.

There

There lacks but money for workmanship, which if you would give, you should have many good prayers in the church now in your lifetime, when they may indeed do you good, and when the time is to make friends of the mammon of iniquity, as Christ bids us, that we may be received into everlasting tabernacles, to which God send us, to whose protection I leave you, &c.

From *Greenwich*, this
13th of *June*, 1608.

JOHN HARRINGTON.

The

The following Extraēt may serve to confirm the general Idea given us of Queen Elizabeth's Passion for rich Cloaths and personal Ornaments. A Law-suit was depending to recover some Lands which had been forfeited by Sir James Harington, for espousing the Cause of Richard the Third, and a Reversion granted to his Family by Henry the Eighth.

“ — YET I will adventure to give her
 “ Majestie five hundred pounds in
 “ money, and some pretty jewel or garment as
 “ you shall advyse, onlie praying her Majestie
 “ to further my suite with some of her lernede
 “ Counsel; which I pray you to find some pro-
 “ per tyme to move in; this some hold as a
 “ dangerous adventure, but five and twentie
 “ manors do well warrant my trying it.” —

*To Sir HUGH PORTMAN, Knight.**My honourd Friend,*

I Humblie thank you for that venison I did not eat, but my wife did it muche commendation. For six weeks I left my oxen and sheep, and venturd to Court, where I find many lean kinded beastes and some not unhorned. Much was my comfort in being well received, notwithstanding it is an ill hour for seeing the Queen. The madcaps are all in riot, and much evil threatend. In good soothe I feard her Majestie more than the Rebel Tyrone, and wisht I had never received my Lord of Essex's honor of knighthood. She is quite disfavoured, and unattird, and these troubles waste her muche. She disregardeth every costlie cover that comethe to the table, and taketh little but manchet and succory potage. Every new message from the city doth disturb her, and she frowns on all the Ladies. I had a sharp message from her brought by my Lord Buchurst, namely thus, "Go tell that witty fellow, my godson, to get home; it is no season now to foole it here." I liked this as little as she dothe my knighthood, so took to my bootes and returnd to the plow in bad weather. I must not say much even by this trustie and sure messenger, but the many evil plots and designs hath overcome all her Highness sweet temper. She walks much in her privy chamber, and stamps with her feet at ill news, and thrusts her rusty sword at times into the arras in great rage. My Lord Buckhurst is much
with

with her, and few else since the city busines;
 but the dangers are over, and yet she always
 keeps a sword by her table. I obtained a short
 audience at my first coming to Courte, when her
 Highness told me, if ill counsel had brought
 me so far from home, she wished Heaven might
 marr that fortune which she had mended. I
 made my peace in this point, and will not leave
 my poor castle of Kelston, for fear of finding a
 worse elsewhere, as others have done. I will
 eat Alborne rabbits, and get fish as you recom-
 mend from the man at Curry-Rival, and get
 partridge and hares when I can, and my venison
 where I can; and leave all great matters to
 those that like them better than myself. Com-
 mend me to your Ladie and all other Ladies that
 ever heard of me. Your books are safe, and I
 am in liking to get Erasmus for your entertain-
 mente.

JOHN HARINGTON.

From Kelston,
 Oct. 9, 1601.

I could not move in any suit to serve
 your neighbour B. such was the face of
 things, and so disorderd is all order,
 that her Highness hath worne but one
 change of raiment for many days, and
 swears much at those that cause her griefs
 in such wise, to the no small discomfi-
 ture of all about her, more specially our
 sweete Lady Arundel, that *Venus plus*
quam venusta.—

A Letter

*A Letter from King James the First, to Sir
John Harington, in the original Spel-
ling.*

*To our Trusty and Well-beloved Sir Johne
Haringeton, Knight.*

RYhte trustie and welbelovite Frinde, we
greete yow heartily weill. We have rais-
favit your lanterne, with the poesie yow sende
us be owr servande Williame Hunter, gevinge
yow hairtie thanks; as lykewayse for yowr
laste letter, quhawin we persaife the continu-
ance of yowr loyall affectione to us and yowr
servyce; we shall not be unmyndefule to ex-
tende owr princelie favoure heirafter to yow and
yowr perticulers at all guid occasions. We
committe yow to God.

JAMES R.

*From our Cowrte at Hallyruid
Howse, April the Thynde, 1603.*

To Sir HUGH PORTMAN, Knight, 1598.

My good Friend,

I HAVE been to visit at the house which my Lord Treasurer doth occupy at the Bathe, and found him and another cripple together, my cosen Sir John Harington of Exton; when it greived me to see so much discretion, wisdom, and learning in peril of death. My Lord doth seem dead on one side, and my cosen on the other, though both in their health were ever on one side. It gave me some comfort to hear their religious discourse, and how each did despise his own malady and hold death in derision, because both did not despair of life eternal. The Treasurer asked me if I had any ailment, and smiled to see me look gravely at their serious talk. I wished them all benefit, and that the waters might wash away all their deadness, save that to iniquity, which would still hold them both unto death; my cosen said, "You are not dead to good works, for even now this church doth witness of your labour to restore it to its ancient beauty." In good sooth we want good men who build unto the Lord to forward this work; and many indeed have passed assurance of such helpe. Her Highness doth much lament her good servants malady; my Lady Arundel came with earnest suit from Court, touching the Treasurers state, and did bring an excellent cordial for his stomach, which the Queene did give her in charge; and said that she did intreat Heav'n daily

daily for his longer life. Else would her people, nay herself stand in need of cordials too. If I may venture thus much, it seemeth as tho' this good man had little else to do on earth than die.

I have not got what you do so much covet from me, nor can I hitherto obtain an audience from the Bishop on such account; but you shall hear further in good time, as my own business doth yet stand unmoved, and giveth me matter of disquiet. The Lord Treasurers distemper doth marvelously trouble the Queen, who saith, that "her comfort hath been in
" her peoples happiness, and their happiness
" in his discretion;" neither can we find in ancient record such wisdom in a Prince to discern a servants ability, nor such integrity to reward and honour a Princes choice—*Quando ullum inveniat parem?* I rest in good hope of seeing your Lady and such branches of olive as may adorn your table, before Christmas next; and may they bring you more peace than the branches which adorn your neighbour Hattons brows; but—*levius fit patientia, et conjugem corrigere est nefas.*

JOHN HARINGTON.

What other news doth happen I will bear with me at my coming.

Athlone in Ireland, 1559.

To Sir ANTHONY STANDEN.

I DOWT not but many pens and tongues utter, after many fashions, the report of our last unfortunate journey, but yet I thought it not amiss to write you this breif narration of it; of which I may say, *Quæque ipse miserrima vidi, et quorum pars una fui.* On Sunday last the Governor marched with one and twenty companies, or colours (for indeed some of them were but mere colours of companies, having fixty for a hundred and fifty) from Tulske, eight miles beyonde Roscommon, to the Abbey of Boyly, some fourteen miles; and hearing be-like that the enemy was but weak in the Curlews, and that they expected not his coming; (because Captain Cosby the very day before came from Boyly towards Roscommon) on this account the Governor, God blefs him, resolved to possess the Pare that nyght, being two miles from the Abbey. This was against the minds of most of the Captains; the soldiers being weary and fasting, insomuch that they spake for meat ere they went up, but the Governor promist them they should have beef enough at nyght, and so drew them on; but many, God wot, lost their stomachs before supper. The order was this, Captain Lister led the forlorn hope; Sir Alexander Ratcliff and his regiment had the vaunt-guard; my Lord of Dublin led the battle; Sir Arthur Savagé the rear; the

C 2

horse

horse were all appointed to stand in a little pasture at the foot of the hill, to the intent that, when the Pare had been cleared, they might have come up. After our men had gone up the hill and entered part of the Pare, the Rebels begun to play upon them from a barracado that they had made, but our men beat them from it, and, so mounting high, Sir Alexander Radcliff very bravely beat them out of a thin wood into a bog on the left side of the Pare; and we who stood at the foot of the hill might see them, and all men thought the Pare had been ours. But after the skirmish had lasted an hour and half very hot, and our shot had expended all our powder; the vanguard wheeled about in such a fashion, that, what with that, and some strange and causeless fear, that fell upon our men, the vanguard fell into the battayle; and in conclusion all fell in rout, and no man could stay them. The Governor himself, labouring to turne them, lost his breath, his voice, his strength, and last of all his life; or, which is worse, in the Rebels hands, and none could force him off. How it can be answered at home by such as it concerned most I know not, but so vile and base a part I think was never play'd among so many men, that have been thought of some desert. But now the horse standing at the foot of the hill, and seeing through the woods and glades some disorder, though not suspecting so ill as it was, charged up the hill another way that lay on the left; if it may be called a way that had stones in it six or seven feet broad, lying above ground, and
 slashes

plashes of bogs between them. But with this charge we made the enemy retire; whereby all the foot and colours came off; but we bought this small reputation (if so it will be taken) very dearly, for our own Commander of the horse had his arm broken with a shot, and had another shot through his clothes, and some seven or eight horse more killed and several proper men. Captain Jephson was next to Sir Griffith Markham in the head of Lord Southamptons troops, and charged very gallantly. I would not, for all the land I have, but I had been well hors'd. I verily think the idle faith which possesses the Iryshry concerning magic and witchcraft seized our men and lost the victory. For when my cozen Sir H. Harington in a treacherous parley with Rorie Ogie, a notable Rebel, was taken and conveyd to his habitation a prisoner; his friends, not complying with the terms offerd for his ransom, sent a large band to his rescue, which the Rebel seeing to surround his house, rose in his shirt, and gave Sir Henry fourteen greivous wounds, then made his way through the whole band and escaped, notwithstanding his walls were only mud. Such was their panick, as verily thinking he effected all by dint of witchery, and had by magic compell'd them not to touch him. And this belief doth much daunt our soldiers when they come to deal with the Iryshry, as I can well perceive from their discourse. You will hear more from other Captains of our further advances:

So I reste, to all commande,

JOHN HARINGTON.

C 3

The

The unexpected Surrender of Bristol Castle to the Parliament's Forces having been Matter of great Offence to the Royal Party, the following uncommon Summons from Lord Fairfax to Prince Rupert may not be unacceptable to the Reader, which is not inserted in Lord Clarendon's or Rapin's Account of that Matter, and is found written and inclosed in a Letter from Old Prynne to J. H. calling it, The most Christian Remonstrance.

To Prince RUPERT.

S I R,

FOR the service of the Parliament I have brought their own army before the city of Bristol, and do summon you in their names to render it, with all the forts belonging to the same, into my hands for their use.—Having used this plain language, as the business requires, I wish it may be as effectual to you, as it is satisfactory to myself, that I do a little expostulate with you about the surrender of the same; which I confess is a way not common, and which I should not have so used, but in respect to a person of such sort, and in such a place, to take into consideration your royal birth, and the relation to the Crown of England, your honor, courage, all the virtues of your person, and the strength of that place, which you may think yourself bound and able to maintain.

maintain. Sir, the Crown of England is and will be where it ought to be. We fight to maintain it there; but the King, misled by evil Counsellors, or through a seduced heart, has left his Parliament and People (under God the best assurance of his Crown and Family :) The maintaining of this scism is the ground of this unhappy war on your part; and what sad effects it hath produced in the kingdom is visible to all men. To maintain the right of the Crown and Kingdom joyntly, the principal part is, that the King, in supreme actes concerning the whole State, is not to be advised by men of whom the law takes no notice, but by the Parliament, the great Council of the nation; in whom, as much as man is capable of, he hears all his people as it were at once advising him, and in which multitude of Counsellors lies his safety and his people's interest. To set him right in this hath been the constant and faithful endeavour of the Parliament; and to bring those wicked instruments to justice that have misled him is a principal ground of our fighting. Sir, if God make this clear to you, as he hath to us, I doubt not but he will give you an heart to deliver it, notwithstanding all the considerations of honor, courage, and fidelity; because their consistency and use depends upon the right or wrongfullness of what has been said. And, if upon such consideration you should surrender the city, and save the loss of blood and hazard of spoyling such a place, it would be an act glorious in itself, and joyful to us, for the restoring you to the endeared affections of the

Parliament and People of England, the truest friends to your family it hath in the world. But if this be hid from your eyes, and so great, so famous, and so ancient a city be exposed, through your wilfulness, to the ruin and extremity of warr, (which yet we shall in that case, as much as possible, endeavor to prevent) then I appeal to the righteous God to judge between you and us, and to requite the wrong; and let all England judge whether to burn its towns, and ruin its cities, and destroy its people, be a good requital from a person of your family, which have had the prayers, tears, money, and blood of this Parliament; and, if you look on either as divided, both ever had the same party in Parliament, and among the people most zealous for their assistance and restitution, which you oppose and seek to destroy; and whose constant grief hath been that their desire to serve your family hath been hinderd, and made fruitless by that same party about his Majesty. I expect your speedy answer to this summons by the return of this bearer this evening, and am

Your Highness humble Servant,

Sept. 4.

THO. FAIRFAX.

Answer.

Answer.

S I R,

I Received yours by your trumpet, and desire to know if you will give me leave to send a messenger to the King, to know his pleasure therein. I am

Your Servant,

RUPERT.

Reply.

S I R,

Y O U R overture of sending to his Majesty, to know his pleasure, I cannot give way to, nor admit of so much delay as that would require: wherefore thereby I cannot but understand your intention intimated not to surrender without his Majesty's consent, yet, because it is but implicit, I send again to know more clearly, if you have any more positive answer to give from yourself, which I desire to receive, before it be too late

Your Highness humble Servant,

Sept. 5.

THO. FAIRFAX.

C 5

Good

Good Madam,

H Erewith I commit a precious jewel, not for your ear, but your eye; and doubt not but you will rejoyce to wear it even in your heart: It is of her Highness own enditing, and doth witness, how much her wisdom and great learning doth outweigh even the perils of state, and how little all worldly dangers do work any change in her mynde. My Lady Wiloughby did covertly get it on her Majesties tablet, and had much hazard in so doing; for the Queen did find out the thief, and chid for spreading evil bruit of her writing such toyes, when other matters did so occupy her employment at this time; and was fearful of being thought too lightly of for so doing. But marvel not, good Madam, her Highness doth frame herself to all occasions, to all times, and all things, both in business, and pastime, as may witness this her sonnet:

I.

T H E dread of future foes
Exyles my present joye,
And wit me warns to shunne such snares,
As thretten myne annoye.

II.

For falsehood now dothe flowe;
And subjects faith dothe ebbe;
Which should not be if reason rul'd,
Or wisdom wove the webbe.

But

III.

But clouds of joys untry'd
Doth cloke aspyring myndes;
Which turn to rage of late report,
By course of changed kindes.

IV.

The toppes of hope suppose,
The roote of rue shall be:
And fruitles of their grafted guyle,
As shortlie all shall see.

V.

The dazzeled eyes with pride,
And great ambition blynde,
Shall be unseal'd by worthy wyghts,
Whose foresighte falsehood fyndes.

VI.

The daughter of debate,
That discorde aye dothe sowe,
Shall reape no gain where former rule
Still Peace hathe taughte to flowe.

VII.

No forrain banyfht wyght
Shall ankor in this port;
Our realme brookes no seditious sects,
Let them elsewhere resort.

VIII.

My rustie sworde through reſte,
Shall firſte his edge imploy;
To poll the toppes that ſeek ſuch change,
Or gape for ſuch like joye.

Now tell me, if this be not worthie your commendation, and then pray for the Poet. I will do myself the honour of your Lord's company to Cambridge as he doth so kindlie proffer, and there send what other matters are working

* * * * *

N. B. The remaining part of this letter being not legible, and having no date, it is doubtful whether the verses relate to Essex's insurrection in London, or to some disturbances from religious sectaries, as intimated in some part of them. However, they contain a specimen of this Princess's heroism, which generally shew'd itself both in her wordes and actions—as she threatens them with her “rustie sword.”

1609.

*To Prince HENRY.**Most noble and honoured Sir,*

I HERE sende by my servant such matter as your Highness did covet to see, in regard to Bishop Gardener of Winchester, which I shall sometime more largely treat of, and lay at your feet. I may truly say, this Prelate did persecute me before I was born; for my father was by his command imprison'd in the Tower for eleven months, for only carrying a letter to the Princess Elizabeth; and my mother was taken from her presence, and obliged to dwell with Mr. Topcliff, as an heretic. My poor father did send many petitions to the Bishop, but in vain, as he expended one thousand pounds to get his liberty. Nor had they any comfort but their consciences to beguile this affliction, and the sweet wordes and sweeter deeds of their Mistres and fellow prisoner. But, not to rail only, I will inform your Highness what old Sir Mathew Arundel was wont to say, touching these times—that Bonner was more to blame than Gardener, who used to call him asf, and other scurvy names, for dealing so cruelly by honest men. I was moved to say so much against this judgment, that Sir Mathew said, my father ought to have lain in prison much longer, for sending such a saucy sonnet to Gardener; in truth it was not over civil, but, after fair wordes ill taken, such deeds are not foul; and, considering those unrefin'd times, the poetry is not badly conceived: As your Highness
may

may judge of in due season, when I bring it before you, and here have sent no ill written letter to beg mercy of the Bishop; of which my father gave me copies, with many others in his own justification. In humble consideration of your Highness favor and countenance,

I remain, to all commandes,

JOHN HARINGTON.

The picture of Lady Elizabeth, our late glorious Queen, was printed from a copper, graved by a most skilful artist, and given by her, as a token of her affection to my mother; which I send your Highness as it was thought to be of rare workmanship, as it is cut in metal, which few did then ever attempt to do.

*To the Biskepe of WYNCHESTER.**My Lord,*

THYS myne humble prayer dothe come
 wyth muche sorrowe for anie deed of
 evil that I have done to your Lordshippe; but,
 alas! I knowe of none, save suche dutie to
 the Ladie Elizabeth as I am bounden to paye
 her at all times: And, if thys matter breedethe
 in yow suche wrathe towards her and mee, I
 shall not in this myne imprysonmente repente
 thereof. My wyfe ys her servante, and dothe
 but rejoyce in thys our miserie, when we looke
 withe whom we are holden in bondage. Our
 gracious Kynge Henrie did ever advaunce our
 families goode estate, as did his pious father
 aforetyme; wherefore our servyce is in remem-
 braunce of suche goode kyndnesse. Albeit
 there needethe none other cause to render our
 tendance, sythe the Ladie Elizabeth beareth
 suche pietie and goodlie affection to all virtue.
 Consyder that your Lordshippe aforetyme hathe
 combatede with muche lyke affliction: Whye
 then shoulde not ourr state cause yow to recounte
 the same, and breede pity to uswarde. Myne
 poore Ladie hathe greater cause to waile than
 wee of suche small degree, but her rare exam-
 ple affordethe comforte to us, and shameth our
 complaynte. Why, my good Lorde, must I
 be thus annoy'de for one deed of special good
 wyll to the Ladie Elizabeth, in bearynge a
 letter as was sente from one that had such ryghte
 to gyve mee his commande, and to one that
 had

had such ryghte to all myne hartie sarvyce. Maie God inclyne yow to amende all thys cruel-
tie, and ever and anon turne our prayer in goode
and mercysfulle consyderation. My Lorde Ad-
myrale Seymor did trulie wynn my love amydt
his harde and deadlie annoyance: Now, maie
the same like pitie touche your harte, and deal
us better usage. Hys sarvyce was ever joyfule,
and why must thys be so afflictynge. Myne
auncient kyndred have ever held their dutie and
leige obeysaunce, nor wyll I doe them suche
dyshonour as maie blote out their worthie deeds,
but wyll ever abyde in all honestie and love;
if yow should give eare to myne complaunte, it
wyll bynde me to thankfullie repaie this kynd-
nesse; but, yf not, will contynue to suffer, and
reste ourselves in God, whose mercie is sure and
safe; and in all true love to her, who dothe
honoure us in tender sorte, and scornethe not
to shedde her teares withe oures. I commende
your Lordeshipe to God's appointmente, and
reste sorely afflicted,

From the Towre,
1554.

JOHN HARYNGTON.

As slight Circumstances often point out the Change of Men and Manners at different Eras, the candid Reader will excuse the following Specimen of the Mode of Elections in the last Century, and make what Reflections he pleases, on Comparison with the present Times.

To our much honoured and worthie Friend J. H. Esq; at his House at Kelston, near Bathe.

Worthie Sir,

OUT of the long experience we have had of your approved worth and sincerity, our Cittie of Bathe have determined and settled their resolutions to elect you for Burgees of the House of Commons, in this present Parliament, for our said Cittie, and do hope you will accept the trouble thereof; which if you do, our desires is, you will not fail to be with us at Bathe, on Monday next, the eighth of this instant, by eight of the clock in the morning, at the furthest, for then we proceed to our election. And of your determination we intreat you to certifie us by a word or two in writing, and send it by the bearer to

Your assured loving Friends,

*Bathe, December 6,
1645.*

JOHN BIGG, the Major.

WILLIAM CHAPMAN.

Mr.

*Mr. Cheeke to the Duke of Somerset,
Lord Protector in Edward VI.*

THE letters whiche your Grace sent to the Univerſitie for the better expedition of the viſitation, hath encouraged mens ſtudies merveilouſlye to the further deſyre of learning, and eſtabliſhed the doubtfull myndes of ſome wavering men, which tooke all unknown matters to the worſt, and feared ſhadows of miſ-truſted things, whereof they had no cauſe: Wherefore your Grace, in myne opinion, hath done a verie beneficiall deed to the ſchollers, whoſe Head and Chauncelour you be, in ſpeeding out of hand this viſitation; and ſhall make hearebye a number of honeſt and learned men to ſerve the King's Maieſtie faithfullie in their callinge another daye, which is one chief point of everie ſubject's dewtie to labour in.

And heare all ſortes of ſtudents knowing the Kings Maieſtie toward in hope of all excellencie to learning; and your Grace holding the ſtearne of honor, not only ordering all matters of counſeille with wiſdome, but alſo conſydering the furtheraince of learning with favour; be ſtirred and enabled to attaine to a greater and perfecter trade of learning, not unbecomeable for the commonwelthe, nor unſerviceable for the Kings Maieſtie, nor unpleaſant to your Grace, by whoſe authoritie it now the better ſpringeth.

For whiche cauſe I ſuppoſe among other, the Kings Maieſtie hath great occaſion to give
God

God thanks, that not onely in his minoritie his realme is governed at home with your sage, auncient counsell, and defended from the forreigne incursion of great and powerfull adversaries, but also provision is made for learned men to serve his Grace hereafter; whose use shall be necessarie for the realme, not only for religion, but also for civill causes. And therefore, as I may saye boldly to your Grace, I, often thinking of his Majestie, trust he will now make hym, according to all mens certain expectation, worthie another day so noble an unckle, and so toward a number of youthe preparing themselves aforehand to serve his Majesties commonwelthe hereafter; which he cannot do onely by greatness of naturall witt, whereof he hath suffityent, except he adjoyne also experience, the very ground-worke of all wisdom, wherein his Majestie best shall be advertised by you. For all learning, be it never so great, except it be sifted with moche use and experience to the fynest, can be no wisdom, but onely a voide and a waste knowledge; and therefore this kynde can be learned by no booke, but onely by diligent hearing of sage and experient counseillours, and following more their good advice, who dothe foresee the greatnesse of daungers to come, unconceaved and unthought of by others, then their owne suddaine fancies, whoe, for lack of farther insight, do judge their own conseile best, because they do perceave in themselves no reason against themselves; althoughe there be in the thing itself, and wise mens heads, never so moche to the

the contrary. Wherefore, as his Majestie hath alwaies learned, so I trust he laboureth daile to avoide the grownde of all errour, that self-pleasing which the Greekes do call Φιλαυτία, when a man delighteth in his own reason and despyseth other mens conſeill, and thincketh no mans foresight to be so good as his, nor no mans judgement compared to his owne; for, if there be any wisdom, it is conferringe with many wise heads, and of divers good counsells, to chuse oute one perfect, and so to follow that whiche reasonable experience leadeth a man wittie unto: And, if there be anye hynderaunce and stoppe to wisdom, it is wheare fancie favoureth a mans owne invention, and he hath a better opinion of his own reason then it deserveth indeede, and so alloweth it to be good, and sticketh to his sence by self-love; or ever he know what it is worth by profe of reason; and therefore is not constant therein by judgement, but headstronge by willfullnesse.

And this thing is to be avoyded diligently of all, and especiallye of the Kings Majestie, now in this tenderesse of his youth; because everie fault is greater in a King then in a meane man, and also faults rooted in this age do not onely grow to a greatnesse, but also they utterlye take away the likelihoode of divers good vertues, which ells would spring freshlye in it: I do wish therefore oftentymes, that which the King's Majestie was wont to labour in, that he contynued to be an Academike, slow to judge, glad to here all men, mistrusting his owne reason, takeing trouthe to be hid-

den

den and so not to be founde at the first sight; thinking wisdom either to be in men of experience, or ells in no mén; and alwaise perswading hymself in his youthe, which Socrates belived when he was olde, that he knoweth this onlye thinge, that yet he knew nothing; and so shall he best avoide the bottomless dangers, unknown faults which will ells unwarfe creepe into his minde. Not only in warrfare but also in peace, it is daungerouse for a publique person to say, *Had I wist*, to excuse the matter, with a *putavi* to maintaine on that reason whose beginninge is grownded on an error. The Kings Majestie knowith herein half what I meane, and the sure safegarde of wisdom and happinesse is to avoide the first fault whiche is first commanded to be avoyded in Tullies Offices.

But what meane I to wryte this to your Grace, especiallye knowing the Kings Majesties nature, how gladd he is to follow your Graces good advertisements, and willing to obaye all those whoe be put in truste about hym. I have no cause to mistrust, but the love is full of feare when there is no cawse, and my dewtie ready to admonishe aforehand, for fear of a cawse; and yet my hope is there will be no cawse; for I cannot (by nature as a subject, by dewtie as a servant) but contynually wythe to his Majestie daylye encrease of Gods merveilous guifte well begunne in hym, and to your Grace moche honour for the great bourdeine of unsufferable paynes which you sustaine in his minoritie for his cawse; not doubting but,

but, as God of his goodnesse dothe prosper all
 your affaires with good successe, so will the
 Kings Majestie, as he is moste bounden, thank-
 fullye consyder and liberallye recompence ano-
 ther daye theise your infinite travailes in his
 commonwelthe.



Mr.

Mr. CHEEKE to King EDWARD.

BECAUSE I am departing, my Sovereigne Lord, unto the King of all Kings, Almighty God, and must, by his appointment, leave you, whome of long tyme I have done my best to bring up in vertue and good learninge; and you are now comming to a government of your self, in whiche estate I pray God you maye alwaies be servid with them that will faithfullye, trewlye, and plainlye give you counsell: I have thought it my dutie, for a memorie of my last will, and for a token of my well-wishinge unto you (remayning presentlye with me, even as it hath alwaies heretofore done) to requyre you, yea, and in God's behalf to chardge you, that, forasmoche as yeares bothe have and will diminishe in you the fear of man, to have yet before your eyes continuallye the fear of God; with the which if you do not direct, order, and temper all your doings and sayings, be you well assured neither to have good success in the greate chardge that he hath committed to you, yet neither in th' end to enjoye that joyfull place that is promysed *timentibus eum*: For if God do right extreamlye ponishe men of base estate, and of low degrees, for wanting of that necessarie jewell, which hath in Scripture so many promeses; how severely will he ponishe Kings and Princes failing thearein, in whome the lack thereof must needes be both to themselves and to the common-wealth most perillouse. My weaknesse suffereth
me

me not so long to talke with you in this matter as I could wishe, and your Majesties disposition, (which I know most apt to receave all godlie admonitions) putteth me in comforte to thincke this to be sufficient, beseeching God so to direct all your doings, thoughts, and meanings, as may tend to his glory and your honour and wealth, both heere and in the worlde to come, when by death you shall be called thereunto; to the whiche all men, as well Princes as others, as well yonge as old, are subjecte. Most affectionately beseeching your Grace, if any of your servaunts about you shall francklye admonishe you of anye thinge whiche in you may be mislyked to take it at their handes, and thincke them that shall so doe to be your only servants of trust, and to consyder them, and to rewarde them accordinglye. And if anye suche shall be, that shall of all things make fair weather, and, whatsoever they shall see to the contrarye, shall tell you all is well; beware of them, they serve themselves, and not you.

And wheare you have readd, in the tyme that it hath pleased God to lend me unto you, dyvers discourses of dyvers sortes, as well of stories, as of philosophie, wherebye you have had great proffit, and plentie of grave and wise rules and orders for the good governement of your realme; yet, in myne opinion, among them all, none hath so habundantlye furnished you in those points, as hath Aristotle, to whome I beseech you, for those matters, often to resort, and especiallye to two chapters in his Politiques, the one *de mutatione regni etc.* and the

the other *per que regna servantur*, being the tenth and eleventh chapters of the S. of his Politiques.

For your divinitie, I wold wishe you wold diligentlie contynew the reading of the New Testament, *Sapientia*, *Ecclesiasticus*, and the Proverbs.

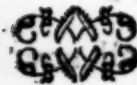
And, understanding that it hath pleased you sithen the tyme of my sicknesse to send unto me manie comfortable messages, and among the rest, that you have appointed (moche unto my comfort) the wardshipp of my sonne to his mother; like as I do therefore render unto your Grace my most humble thancks so to do, I with like humbleness desyre you (my great debts consydered) to remitt to hym (if all shall be to moche) yet some convenient peece of suche lands as, during his noneage, shall fall unto you.

And, whereas I shall now leave my colledge in Cambridge destitute of an headd, if your Grace appoint thereunto Mr. Haddon, I think you shall appoint a worthie man. Finallie, one sute charitye moveth me to make unto your Majestie: The Bishop of Chichester was my bringer-upp, and at his hands I gate an entrie to some skill in learning; lyving I could never do hyme anye good whereby I might be accomplished a grateful scholler; if dyeing I might attaine for hym libertie with some small aide of lyving, I should be moche bound unto youe, thinking most assuredlye you shall fynde of hym, during his lyfe, bothe a dailye beadesman for you, and a right obedient subject; thoughte,

D

in

in some things heretofore, he hathe more
throughlye perswaded his conscience, then to
the perfection of Christes religion was requi-
syte. Thus the lyving God preserve your Ma-
jestie long to raigne most prosperouslye. Out
of my death bedd, &c.



Mr.

Mr. FENTON to J. HARINGTON, at Bathe.

Most respectede Friende,

IT seemethe marvellous that our gracious Queene hathe so muche annoyance from her most bounden servaunts; I verily think her Highnesse cannot demande what is not due from any of her subjects. Her own love hathe so wroughte on us all, that the hearte must be evil that dothe pay her its small dutie so grudgingly as some have done of late. I have not seene her Highnesse save twice, since Easter last, bothe of which times she spake most vehementlye and with great wrathe of her servante, the Ladie Marie Howarde, forasmuche as she had refused to bear her mantle at the hour her Highnesse is wontede to air in the garden, and on small rebuke did vent such unseemlie answer as did breede much choler in her mistresse. Again, on other occasion, she was not ready to carry the cup of grace during the dinner in the privie-chamber, nor was she attending at the hour of her Majesties going to prayer. All whiche dothe now so disquiet her Highnesse, that she swore she would no more shew her any countenance, but out with all such ungracious, flouting wenches; because, forfoothe, she hathe much favour and marks of love from the younge Earl, which is not so pleasing to the Queene, who dothe still muche exhort all her women to remaine in virgin state as muche as may be. I adventured to say, as far as discretion did go, in defence of our friende, and

did urge muche in behalfe of youthe and enticing love, which did often abate of righte measures in faire ladies ; and moreover related whatever might appease the Queene, touchinge the confession of her great kindnesse to her sister Jane before her marriage ; all which did nothinge soothe her Highnesse anger, saying, “ I have made her my servante, and she will now make herself my mistresse ; but in good faith, William, she shall not, and so tell her.” In short, pitie dothe move me to save this Ladie, and woud beg such suit to the Queene from you and your friendes, as may winn her favour to spare her on future amendemente ; if you coud speak to Mr. Bellot, to urge the Lord Treasurer on this matter, it might be to goode purpose, when a better time dothe offer to move the Queene than I had ; for wordes then were to no availe, tho as discreetlie brought as I was able. It might not be amisse to talke to this poor younge Ladie to be more dutiful, and not absent at meals or prayers, to bear her Highnesse mantle and other furniture, even more than all the reste of the servantes, to make ample amendes by future diligence ; and always to go first in the morninge to her Highnesse chamber, forasmuche as such kindnesse will muche prevail to turne awaie all former displeasure : She must not entertaine my Lorde the Earl in any conversation, but shunne his companie ; and moreover be less carefull in attiringe her own person, for this seemethe as done more to win the Earl, than her mistresse good will. Suche and other advice as you and other friendes
are

are more able to give on these matters may prevent all other extreme proceedinge, especiall ye if it be urged by my Lorde Treasurer, in assurance of her good behaviour. If we consider the favours shewed her familie, there is ground for ill humour in the Queene, who dothe not now bear with such composed spirit as she was wont, but, since the Irish affairs, seemethe more forward than commonlie she used to bear herself toward her women, nor dothe she hold them in discourse with such familiar matter, but often chides for small neglects, in such wise as to make these fair maids often cry and bewail in piteous sort, as I am told by my sister Elizabeth. Pray observe secresy in discovering my good will, when you speake to Mr. Bellot, or write to the Lorde Treasurer; as it is not safe to be too meddling in such matters. Commende me to your Ladye Mall, not forgetting her brothers and childerne. And now in all love I hie to mine office and dutie, remaining

May 23, 1597.

Your Servante,

W. FENTON.

D 3

A Letter

*A Letter from Lord HARINGTON to Sir
JOHN HARINGTON, at Bathe.*

Much respected Cosin,

OUR great care and honourable charge, entrusted to us by the Kings Majesty, hath been matter of so much concern, that it almost effaced the attention to kyn or friend. With Gods assistance we hope to do our Lady Elizabeth such service as is due to her princely endowments and natural abilities; both which appear the sweet dawning of future comfort to her royal father. The late devilish conspiracy did much disturb this part. The King hath got at much truth from the mouths of the crew themselves; for guilt hath no peace, nor can there be guilt like theirs. One hath confessed that he had many meetings at Bathe about this hellish design; you will do his Majesty unspeakable kindness, to watch in your neighbourhood, and give such intelligence as may furnish further inquiry. We know of some evil-minded Catholics in the West, whom the Prince of darkness hath in alliance; God ward them from such evil, or seeking it to others. Ancient history doth shew the heart of man in divers forms: We read of States overthrown by craft and subtlety; of Princes slain in field and closet; of strange machinations devised by the natural bent of evil hearts: But no page can tell such a horrid tale as this. Well doth the wise man say, that the wicked imagineth mischeif in secret. What, dear cosin, could be
more

more secret or more wicked? A wise King and wise Council of a nation at one blow destroyed in such wise as was now intended, is not matchable. It shameth Caligula, Erostratus, Nero, and Domitian, who were but each of them fly-killers to these wretches. Can it be said that religion did suggest these designs; did the spirit of truth work in these mens hearts? How much is their guilt encreas'd by such protesting! I cannot but mark the just appointment of Heaven in the punishing of these desperate men, who fled to our neighbourhood; you hear they sufferd themselves by the very means they had contriv'd for others. A barrel of gunpowder was set on fire during the time that the house was besieged, and killed two or three on the spot; so just is the vengeance of God. I have seen some of the chief, and think they bear an evil mark in their foreheads, for more terrible countenances never were looked upon. His Majesty did sometime desire to see these men, but said he felt himself forely appall'd at the thought, and so forbore. I am not yet recoverd from the fever occasioned by these disturbances. I went with Sir Fulk Grevile to alarm the neighbourhood and surprize the villains, who came to Holbach; was out five days in peril of death, in fear for the great charge I left at home. Wynter hath confessed their design to surprize the Princess at my house, if their wickedness had taken place at London. Some of them say, she woud have been proclaimed Queen. Her Highness doth often say, What a Queen shoud I have been by

this means? I had rather have been with my royal father in the Parliament-House, than wear his crown on such condition. This poor Lady hath not yet recoverd the surprize, and is very ill and troubled. I hear by the messenger from his Majesty, that these designs were not formed by a few; the whole legion of Catholics were consulted, the Priests were to pacify their consciences, and the Pope confirm a general absolution for this glorious deed, so much honourable to God and his holy religion. His Majesty doth much meditate on this marvellous escape, and blesses God for delivering his family and saving his kingdom from the triumphs of Satan and the rage of Babylon. My being created Baron of Exton did give much offence to some of the Catholics; and his Majesties honouring my wife and self with the care of the Lady Elizabeth stirred up much discontent on every side. I only pray God to assist our poor endeavours, and accept our good will to do right herein, maugre all malice and envious calumny. If I can do you any service with the King, you may command my friendship in this and every other matter I can. He hath no little affection for your poetry and good learning, of which he himself is so great a judge and master. My Lady Sydney desires her remembrance to you, as do all friends from Warwickshire. I hope your disorder is much better; may you feel as much benefit from the Baths as I did aforetime. Thus, dear cosin, I have given my thoughts in large of our sad affright, as you desired by your sons letter, which is notably worded for
his

his age. My son is now with Prince Henry, from whom I hope he will gain great advantage, from such towardly genius as he hath even at these years. May Heaven guard this realm from all such future designs, and keep us in peace and safety. My hearty love waits on Lady Mary, and every one belonging to her household. Pray remember what I desire as to noticing evil-minded men in your parts, as it is for the Kings sake and all our own sakes.

Adieu, Dear Cousin,

From Comb-Abbey,
Jan. 6, 1606.

HARINGTON.



D 5

The

The following Letter was written to JAMES HARINGTON, Author of the Book called Oceana, on his Publication of that Work, by J. LESLEY, Dep. C. and, as it contains the true Spirit of Party Rage, Pre-rogative Madness, and blind Enthusiasm, is humbly offered to the candid Reader for his Judgment how far that Book deserves such violent Treatment, or whether the Writer had Sense enough to understand the Author's Meaning. However it was then deemed a most unanswerable Performance by the bigotted Adherents to Jus Divinum, and is found in the Hand-writing of a Nobleman, at that Time steadily attached to Non-Resistance: This Letter is intitled, at the Top, A Slap on the Snout of the Republican Swine that rooteth up Monarchy.—Risum teneatis Amici!

J. LESLEY to JAMES HARINGTON, Esq;

S I R,

IT much griveth me to see the wickedness of man, in overturning the works of God; albeit such iniquity doth not for ever prosper. Shall the Anointed of the Highest, the Rulers of the land, the Powers ordained, find trouble and annoyance from the pens of sedition; or can the vile labours of dust confound the stately pillars

pillars of heaven? Must Kings be deposed at every blast of human sufficiency, and the gates of government be shouldered by every Samson that boasteth in his mightiness? Verily this is to tempt the Lord, and, though Oceana be the offspring of much learning, long study, and abundant of ingenuity, yet must it fall again on your own pate, for the wickedness it containeth, and the evil it imagineth. Good man! what moveth James Harington to provoke the wrath of Kings? His own lineage is derived from the blood of the Anointed, as will truly appear in the following account, which I have much laboured to obtain from Sir Andrew Markham, and be it now marked with the eye of shame and sorrow. The marriage of your ancestor with a descendant from Matilda, neice to William the Conqueror, is the first derivation of royalty; another was granted lardge rewards by state acts, for valiantly making prisoner Henry the Sixth, in obedience to the Powers that where then ruleing: The great King Henry the VIIIth matched his darling daughter to John Harington, and, though a bastard, dowered her with the rich lands of Baths priory; and Queen Elizabeth affected these faithful servants so much, as to become godmother to their son, and made him a knyght for his wit and his valour. Our blessed King James did ennoble your great uncle the Lord Harington of Exton, and entrusted to his care and wisdom the renowned Princess Elizabeth for tuition. Yourself was careffd by the blessed martyr Charles, and honoured with his

D 6

wordes,

wordes, and even his princelie favours from his own hands on the scaffold. And shall then any one branch of such noble stock, endowed with such rare gifts and graces, as all have been for the most part, and so many of you countenanced by Kings, shall any espouse such evil principles as you have now set forth in your book? If this be learning, give me to know only righteousness, and seek the Lord by obeying those whom he hath appointed. Why do you thus stirr up the people to imagine a vain thing, and set themselves against the Anointed, to whom you claim such glorious affinity, nay consanguinity? Had Prince Henry had presage of your boldness, he woud not have chosen young Lord Harington, your cosin, to tennis withal, and write Latin epistles to in Germany. His virtue and godliness, his endowments and learning woud not have purchas'd such favours, if your future doings had been foreseen. The whole is to disturb the peace again, and fill the people with notions of Kings doing wrong, which all earthly wisdom and divine information prove they cannot do; for whatever is of God is pure and perfect. God anointed Solomon King, and Solomon judged wisely. Mr. Ferne is about to make nought your doctrines, and cover you with dishonour. You cannot be a good man, for, Fear God, and Honour the King, are both in one place, and support each other as the corner stones of religion and royalty. But you have dishonoured both, and blasted a long line of ancestors renowned for both, and stirred up the ill affections of

of all the noble families to whom you stand in alliance. I could not hold from speaking thus much, and, if I may say more, you cannot do a better deed than burn the work, which will continue to sin when you are no more able to sin, and for ever prevent the shadow of mercy from approaching you; for to him that fighteth against Kings there can be no peace or quarter from the King of Kings.

*I am Your Well-adviser,
but in much wrath, as the cause requireth,*

Whitehall,
June 24.

J. LESLEY, Dep. C.



Verses

*Verses found written by the Lord Admiral
SEYMOUR the Week before he was behead-
ed, 1549.*

FOrgetting God to love a Kynge
Hath been my rod or else nothyng;
In this frail lyfe beinge a blaste
Of care and stryfe, till yt be paste.
Yet God did call me in my pryde,
Leste I shulde fall, and from him flyde.
For whom loves he muste be correcte,
That they may be of his electe.
Then Death haste thee, thou shalt me gaine,
Immortallie with God to raigne.
Lord sende the King like years as Noye,
In governinge thys realme in joye;
And after thys frayl lyfe such grace,
That in thy blisse he maie find place.

This unfortunate man is said to have been an excellent master to those Knights and Gentry that had served under him. In the notes to the nineteenth book of the translation of Ariostos Orlando, mention is made of a copy of verses wrote under a picture of this Nobleman, presented to Queen Elizabeth by John Harington, and hung in Somerset-House, which are here added from a copy in his own hand, dated 1567.

Upon

Upon the Lord Admiral SEYMOUR's Picture.

OF person rare, stronge lymbes and manly
shape,

By nature fram'd to serve on sea or lande;
In friendshippe firme, in good state or ill happ,
In peace headwise, in war skill, great, bolde
hande.

On horse or foote, in peryl or in playe,
None could excell, tho manie did assaie.

A subjecte true to Kynge, a servante great,
Friend to Gods truth, and foe to Rome's deceit.

Sumptuous abroad for honor of the lande,
Temp'rate at home, yet kept great state with
staie,

And noble house, that fed more mouthes with
meat,

Than some advanc'd on higher steppes to stande;
Yet, against nature, reason, and just lawes,
His blood was spilt, guiltles, without just cause.

J. H. 1567.

The

*The Prayse of six Gentle Women attending of
the Lady ELIZABETH her Grace, at
Hatfield House.*

I.

THE great Diana chaste
In forest late I met,
Who did commande, in haste
To Hatfield for to get;
And to you fixe a row
Her pleasure to declare,
Thus meaning to bestow
On each a gifte most rare.

II.

First doth she give to Grey
The falcons curtesse kind,
Her Lord for to obey
With most obedient mind:
Fraught with such virtues rare
His love aye to renew,
With Thyſbe to compare,
Or Pyramus most true.

III.

To worthie Willoughbie
As eagle in her flighte,
So shall her peircinge eye
Both wounde and heal each wight
That shall upon her gaze,
And soon perceive I see
A Laura in her face,
And not a Willoughbie,

To

IV.

To Markham's modest mynde,
That phoenix bird most rare,
So have the gods affygnde,
With Gryfylde to compare.
Oh happie twyce is hee
Whom Jove shall do the grace
To lynke in unitie
Such beautie to embrace!

V.

To Norwyche good and grave,
Suche sapient cares we sende
As prudent serpents have,
That charmer to defende:
With knowledge in fore syghte
Of suche thing yet to come,
As had Cassandra bright,
Who told of Troye the dome.

VI.

For Saintloe dothe shee saye
So stable shall shee stand,
As rocke within the sea,
Or huge hill on the land:
Die rather with the mace
From Hercules stout hande,
Than once her truth disgrace,
Yf shee therein do stande.

VII.

If Skypwyth shoud escape
Without her gyfte moste rare,

Diana

of
at

To

Diana woulde me hate,
 And fill my lyfe with care,
 Since in her temple chaste,
 Full high upon the wall,
 Her bowe there hangyth faste,
 Unbroke and ever shall.

VIII.

Thus have I shewed you all
 This gracious goddesse will
 Who hathe decreed you shall
 As her own imppes live still,
 Longe in suche sacred sorte
 Whereof Dame Fame shall blowe
 Such trompe of trew reporte,
 As through the earthe shall goe.

N. B. These verses are founde in the hand-writing of John Harington, who afterwards married one of the Ladies herein mentioned, Isabella Markham, to whom the Princess gave the plate from which the print is taken in the beginning of this book about 1554.

SONNET

SONNET by JOHN HARINGTON, 1554.

I.

TH E days were once, and very late,
 My harte and I might leape at large,
 Nor were we shutte within the gate
 Of loves defyre, nor tooke no charge
 Of what myghte greife, or did perteyne
 To rack the mynde with ceaseles payne.

II.

I heeded not or taunte or toyes,
 Nor pin'd to see them frown or smyle,
 Their woes I mock'd and scorn'd their joyes,
 I shunn'd their frawdcs, and cunning wyle.
 Then to myself I often smyl'd,
 To think how love had such beguyl'd.

III.

Thus, in the net of my conceite,
 I masked forthe amonge the sorte
 Of such as fedde upon the bayt
 That Cupid layd for his disporte,
 And ever, as I sawe them caughte,
 In wanton waye I thereat laught.

IV.

Till at the last, when Cupid spy'd
 My scornful will and spightfull use,
 And saw I pass'd not those were tyed,
 If so myself might live still loose,
 He sett himselfe to lye in waite,
 And in my waye he caste a baite.

Suche

and-
 yards
 ned,
 gave
 a the

ET

V.

Suche one as never Nature made
 (I dare well say) but her alone;
 Suche one she was as mighte invade
 An hearte more harde than marble stone;
 Such one she is I know it right,
 Nature her made to shew her myght.

VI.

Then as a man in strange amaze
 All use of reason far awaye,
 Did I begin to stare and gaze,
 Nor coud my folly brooke delay;
 For, 'ere I had the witt to looke,
 I swallowd up bothe bayte and hooke;



The HOSPITABLE OAKE.

I.

ERST in Arcadia's londe much prais'd was
found

A lustie tree far rearing t'ward the skie,
Sacred to Jove, and placed on high grounde,
Beneath whose shade did gladfome shepherds
hie,

Met plenteous good, and oft were wont to shunne
Bleak winters drizzle, summers parching sunne.

II.

Outstretch'd in all the luxurie of ease,
They pluck'd rich misletoe of virtue rare;
Their lippe was tempted by each kindlie breeze,
That way'd the branch to proffer acorns fair;
While out the hollowd root, with sweets inlaide,
The murm'ring bee her daintie hoard betrayde.

III.

The fearless bird safe bosom'd here its neste,
Its sturdie side did brave the nipping winde,
Where many a creeping ewe mought gladlie reste;
Warne comforte here to all and ev'ry kinde;
Where hunge the leaf well sprint with honey dew,
Whence dropt their cups, the gamboling fairie
knew.

IV.

But ah! in luckles day what mischief 'gan
'Midst fell debate, and madd'ning revelrie,
When

When tipſie Bacchus had bewitched Pan,
 For ſober ſwains ſo thankleſs neer mought be;
 Tho' paſſinge ſtrange—'twas bruited all arounde,
 This goodlie tree did ſhadowe too much grounde.

V.

With much deſpight they aim its overthrow,
 And ſorrie jeſtes its wonted giſtes deride,
 How 'ſnaring birdlimes made of miſletoe;
 Nor truſt their flocks to ſhelter 'neath its ſide;
 It drops chill venom on our ewes, they cry,
 And ſubtle ſerpent at its root doth lie.

VI.

Eftſoons the axe doth rear its deadlie blowe,
 Arounde dothe eccho bear each labouringe
 ſtroke;
 Now to the grounde its loſtie head doth bowe,
 Then angry Jove aloud in thunder ſpoke,
 On high Olympus next mine tree I'll place,
 Heav'n's ſtill unſcann'd by ſich ungrateful race.

Theſe

These Verses were written on the Lord Admiral SEYMOUR after his being beheaded. The great State and Magnificence of his Table and Hospitality justly intitled him to such a Compliment. The quaint Phraseology in the original Copy occasioned some Liberties to be taken with it, which the candid Reader is desired to excuse, as the present Form is but little different in Sentiment from the Original. The MSS. is dated 1564, some Years after his Death, but probably it was wrote on the Occasion of his Execution.

ELEGY wrote in the Tower by JOHN HARINGTON, confined with the Princess ELIZABETH, 1554.

THE lyfe is longe that loathsomely dothe last,
The doleful days draw slowly to their date,

The present pange, or painful plage, scarce past,
But some new grief, still green, doth marr our state;

In all we find 'midst this worlds storme and stryfe,
Sure death is sweete that shortlye such a lyfe.

II.

The pleausante years that some so swyftlye runne,
The merrie daies to end so faste that fleete,
The

The riot-night which day draws on so soone,
 The happie hours which more do misse than
 meete;
 Do all consume lyke snow kyfs'd by the sunne,
 And death soon ends all that vain lyfe begunne.

III.

Death is a porte whereby we pass to joye,
 Lyfe is a lake that drownethe all in payne;
 Death is so dear it kylleth all annoye,
 Lyfe is so lewd that all it yeilds is vayne.
 For, as by lyfe to bondage man was broughte,
 Even so by deathe all freedom too was wroughte.



SONNET

SONNET *wrote in the Tower, 1554.*

I.

WHEN I look back, and in myself behold
 The wandering waies that youthe coud
 not descrie,
 And see the fearful course that youthe did holde,
 And meet in mynde eache steppe I stray'd
 awrye,
 My knees I bow, and from my harte I call,
 My God, forget youthe's fawlte and follies all.

II.

The humble harte hath dawntede the proud
 mynde,
 Knowledge hath geuen ignorance the fall,
 Wyldom hath taught what folly coud not find,
 And age hath youthe, his captive, brought in
 thrall.
 Wherefore I pray, O Lord of lyfe and truth!
 Cancel those crymes committed in my youthe.

III.

Thou that didst grant the wise kynge his request,
 Thou that of grace didst bring the blinde to
 sighte,
 Thou that forgav'st the wounding of thy brest,
 Thou that in favour, cam'st the worlde to lighte;
 Thou only good dispenser of all grace,
 Wype out the guilte that grew in youthe's green
 race.

E

But

IV.

But now since hope by grace with doubtles
mynde

Dothe presse to Thee by pray'r to assuage
thyne ire,

And since, withe truste to speed, I seeke to finde,
Waitinge, through faythe, to attain this just
delyre,

Lorde! mynde no more youthe's error nor unskill,
But able age to doe thyne holie wyll.



A Description of TYME.

*The Book in which this is found bears Date 1564,
a Manuscript.*

I.

UPON the hill Olympiade,
Where Hercules begonne;
First myghtie theetres to be made,
Where noble deeds weare done,

II.

Depayntede theare with pencil fyne,
At lardge aboute the same
There saw I stande hymself Syr TYME,
And at his back Dame FAME.

III.

In charret shynynge sonnythe bright
Thys fyre sat on throne,
Ydrawne with wylde harte fresh and whyght,
Well seeminge they had flowne.

IV.

On whiche thys wyngede gode he went
The whole worlde for to viue,
Each creature how his tyme had spente,
A note to take anewe.

V.

And with him, as I said before,
He brought tryumphant FAME,
For to rewarde RENOWNE the more
Whoso deservede the same.

E 2

Thus

VI.

Thus hastinge over holte and hyll,
 Firſte gan he them beholde
 That toyl and travaile ever ſtyll ;
 To whom Syr TYME thus told :

VII.

In ſweat of browes, you ſymple men,
 Whye lyfe in you remaines,
 Haſte on, and your rewarde be, then,
 Your travail for your pains.

VIII.

In princelie pallace prowldie pyght,
 Syr TYME a while gan ſtay ;
 For theare Dame FAME would veiw aright,
 How each one ſpent the day.

IX.

Theare fownde they preſt a noble bande,
 In armour bryght and brave ;
 On ſtartlynge ſteedes with ſtaves in hand,
 Nought elſe but tyme they crave.

X.

In luſtie lyſtes at lardge they lay
 On bold rebatant blowes ;
 The Knyght on courſer 'gyns to ſwaye,
 And to the grownde he goes.

XI.

Hym to receave, then comethe faſte
 Another, to wyne prayſe ;
 Amonge the worthies to be placed,
 He ſtryves at all aſſayes.

XII.

To whom Dame FAME, with smyling grace,
Gave thanks unto them then ;
And in their syght, before each face,
Their prayſes did ſhee pen.

XIII.

Then ſaid Syr TYME, behold hearbye
A nombre infinite
Of idle ones, lo ! wheare they lye,
Lyving in foule delight.

XIV.

Cut off their tyme, FAME cryed then,
Who ſo conſume their dayes ;
Suche ſlothfull race of ſluggiſh men
Nought worthie are of prayſe.

XV.

Then glyded forth thys great god TYME,
Till he approchede neare
A multitude of men divyne,
'Twas heaven ſuche to heare.

XVI.

For, of each ſcience callede ſeaven,
A nombre there were mett,
Wyth faces fixed up to heav'n,
Whoſe hartes wear firmlie ſett.

XVII.

In ſtudie onlie tyme to ſpende,
Knowledge aye to encreaſe ;
No envious cares gan them offende,
Ne ſoughte they worldlie prayſe.

XVIII.

Among which bleffide people good,
Wyth heavnlie harpe in hande ;
Sweet Orpheus, lo! that glee man stood
Trew musycke thear he fckan'd.

XIX.

In tyme and tune with notes aye new,
JEHOVA's prayse he fange ;
So did the reffe wyth reason due,
Whearof the whole earthe range,

XX.

Of tyme well-spent, said Sir TYME then
To ev'ry one by name,
Receave you shall, you mortal men,
For this—immortal Fame.

XXI.

Then stretcht he out his golden plumes
Forthwith to take his flight ;
Both wynd and weather he consumes,
And soon fades out of fyght.

XXII.

Where I, and manie a mazed man,
Remayneth styll in place,
To see hereafter, yf we can,
And veiw TYME's golden face.

JOHN HARINGTON, *from the Tower, to*
GARDENER, *Bishop of Winchester,*
1554.

I.

AT least withdraw your cruelty,
Or force the time to work your will
It is too much extremity
To keep me pent in prison still.
Free from all fault, voyd of all cause;
Without all right, against all lawes.
How can you doe more cruel spight,
Then proffer wrong, and promise right?
Nor can accuse, nor will acquight.

II.

Eleven moneths past, and longer space,
I have abid your divellish drifts,
While you have fought both man and place,
And set your snares with all your shifts;
The faultlesse foot to wrap in wile,
With any guilt, by any guile;
And now you see that will not be,
How can you thus for shame agree
To keep him bound you can set free?

III.

Your chance was once, as mine is now,
To keep this hold against your will;
And then you sware, you know well how,
Though now you sweareve, I know how ill.
But thus the world his course doth passe,
The Priest forgets a Clerk he was;

And you that then cry'd justice still,
And now have justice at your will,
Wrest justice wrong, against all skill.

IV.

But why doe I thus coldly plaine,
As if it were my cause alone?
When cause doth each man so constraîne,
As England through hath cause to moane,
To see your bloody search of such,
Whom all the earth can no way touch.
And hetter were that all your kind,
Like hounds in hel with shame were shrind,
Then you had might unto your mind.

V.

But as the stone that strikes the wall,
Sometimes bounds back on th' hurler's head;
So your foule fetch to your foule fall
May turn, and noy the breff that bred.
And then such measure as you gave,
Of right and justice, look to have;
If good or ill, if short or long;
If false or true, if right or wrong;
And thus, till then, I end my Song.

N. B. To shew a pattern what partiality can
paint in praise, and what ill will can per-
vert to reproach, we will adde an Elegie
in English also, written by one Mr. Pri-
deaux, in commendation, and the same
answered in execration of the same Bishop.

THE

I.

THE saints in heaven rejoyce,
This earth and we may waile;
Sith they have won, and we have lost
The guide of our availe.

II.

Though death hath loosed life,
Yet death could not deface
His worthy work, his stayed state,
Nor yet his gifts of grace.

III.

As Gardner was his name,
So gardned he his life
With justice, and with mercy both,
To stroy the weeds of strife.

IV.

A Steven in religion stout,
A Bishop by his acts,
A faithful man most free from fraud,
As witnesse be his facts;

V.

A Judge most just in judgment-seat,
Of parties no regard;
An eye to see, an eare to heare,
A hand that shunn'd reward.

VI.

A heart to helpe, and not to harm;
His will was wisdome's law;
A minde that malice could not move,
Such was of God his awe.

VII.

A faith in friendship firm and fast,
A mount the right to raise;
A spright not pall'd with slanderous bruits
Nor puffed with pride by praise.

VIII.

Not light of credit to reports,
Revenge he never sought;
But would forgive, and did forget
The wrongs that were him wrought.

IX.

A truth so tri'd in trust,
As tongue could never taint;
Nor earst was heard, in guileful wise,
A lie with lips to paint.

X.

Though nature's child by birth,
Yet vertue's heir by right;
Which held his height so modestly,
As measure master'd might.

XI.

Ambition's climbing cliffe
Could never move his minde;
Nor Fortune, with her fawning cheer,
His heart did ever blind.

XII.

Nor misery which most he felt,
Or prison, might him pall;
But bare his minde in leuell so,
As change could be no fall.

XIII.

In all these turns of joy and woe
He turned to the best ;
And held him to the tried truth,
Which now hath won him rest.

XIV.

From foes deface, and envie's bell,
His end has set him free ;
And pluckt him from this wicked world,
Too worthy here to be.

XV.

Who can give tears enough to plaine
The losse and lack we have ?
So rare a man, so soon bereft,
When most we did him crave.

XVI.

When age and yeers had made him ripe,
And surely had him fet,
To know himselfe and weeld the world,
And right with mercy met.

XVII.

And when of envy, and of hate,
The conquest he had wonne,
And falsehood forc'd to fly his fort,
And right his race to run.

XVIII.

And when of glory and of grace
He wonne the palm and price,
And conquered all affection's force,
With wisdom's good advice.

XIX.

And in the office that he bare,
And service of his Queen,
So choice a man to serve her call,
Scarce any where was seen.

XX.

Then Death, that fatal foe,
The line of life did lose,
And in the belly of the earth,
As earth shee did him close.

XXI.

The Prince may plaine his death,
The realm his lack may rue ;
All men may say, O Winchester,
Most worthy wight adue.

XXII.

The poor may plaine and pine,
Whose lacks he did relieve ;
His servants may lament their Lord
Which lordly did them give.

XXIII.

The Bishops may behold
A Bishop then bereft,
A perfect Priest, a shield of Faith,
A mirrour of them left.

XXIV.

His foes, if any were,
That first did wish him gone,
In length of time and lack of life,
Too late his loss will mone.

O Pastor

XXV.

O Pastor past this pilgrim's pain,
In earth thine acts do live;
In skies thy vertues written are,
All pennis thee praise shall give.

XXVI.

Which after all these heaps of hap
A happy life hast led,
And, in the happiest hap of all,
In fame and love art dead.

The same answered, verse for verse, by an Ill-
willer of the said Bishop.

I.

THE devils in hell do dance,
This realm and we may joy,
Since they have got and we forgone
The cause of our annoy.

II.

Though death hath wipt out life,
Yet death cannot outrace
His wicked works, usurped state,
Nor faults of his deface.

III.

A Gardner such he was,
As spoiled so our plants,
That justice withered, mercy dy'd,
And we wrong by their wants.

A Stev'n

IV.

A Stev'n in name, a Fox in fact,
A Bishop but in weeds;
A faithless man full fraught with frauds,
As deem him by his deeds.

V.

A partial Judge in judgment-seat,
Of parties great respect;
A blinded eye, a closed eare,
A hand with bribe infect.

VI.

A heart to harm and not to help,
His lust was laid far low;
A mind with malice overwhelm'd,
Of God nor man no awe.

VII.

A fained fickle friend and false,
That right could never bid;
A courage every storm cast down,
And praise puffed up with pride.

VIII.

Of fowle reports, and slanderous bruits,
He nourisht up the brood;
His wrongs to pardon, or to passe,
Revenge and rage withstood.

IX.

A tri'd untruth in trust,
As tongues well try'd have told;
A mouth that breath'd more odious lies
Than I t' upbraid am bold.

[III]

X.

Scant nature's child by birth,
Sure Satan's sonne in right;
Which rule maintain'd with sword and fire,
And measur'd all by might.

XI.

Ambition's clyming cliffe
Had raviſht ſo his mind,
As he was fotted drunk therein,
And fortune made him blind.

XII.

The ſmell of priſon's miſery felt
His pride did greatly pall;
He bare his ſtaff ſo ſtaggeringly,
As each change ſeem'd a fall.

XIII.

In all theſe turns of joy and woe
He turned with the beſt;
And never left the ſurer ſide,
Till breath did leave his breſt.

XIV.

From widows courſe and orphans erie
His end him cannot ſave;
Though that have rid him of his raigne,
Unworthy rule to have.

XV.

Who can give thanks and joy enough
That we have ſcap'd this ſyre;
This monſtrous man, this bloody beaſt,
When moſt we did deſire?

When

XVI.

When yeeres had fram'd him fit for hell,
And pride so high had set,
As God, nor man, nor self he knew,
And might with mischief met.

XVII.

And when the envy and the hate
He wan of every wight;
And falshood florisht in his fort,
And wrong had wrong outright;

XVIII.

And when he gloried most in pomps
In honour and in health;
And by affection conquered all,
And wallowed all in wealth;

XIX.

And, in the office that he bare
To rule above the Queen,
So cruel and so mercilefs
Scarce ever man was seen;

XX.

Then God, that most just Judge,
Life's line to part was pleas'd;
The earth his carrion corps hath caught,
The devil his soul hath seiz'd.

XXI.

The Prince his death may please,
This realm his life doth rue;
All men may well his birth-day bar
This curld wretch that knew.

The

XXII.

The poor may plain and pine,
 For none would he relieve;
 His men may joy his death was such,
 His goods were his to give.

XXIII.

Good Bishops may beware,
 This ravener them berett;
 This Popish Priest, this shield of wrong,
 A warning for them left.

XXIV.

His friends if any were,
 That wisht him longer raigne,
 With length of time might cause have caught
 Too late his rule to plain.

XXV.

O thou devourer of the good
 Thy wrongs in earth do dwell;
 Thy cruel thirst of guiltless blood
 Now must thou quench in hell.

XXVI.

Which in the world of deadly hurts
 Most hurtful life didst lead;
 And now, with England's common joy,
 In shame and hate art dead.

N. B. The above verses are alluded to in a letter from Sir John Harington to Prince Henry, relating to these times.

WORDS

WORDS *spoken by the Quene to Master
CECILL afterwards Lord BURLEIGH.*

I GIVE you this chardge, that you shal be of my Privie Counseille, and content yourself to take paines for me and mye realme. This judgement I have of you, that you will not be corrupted with anie maner of guifte, and that you will be faithfull to the State, and that, without respect of mye private will, you will give me that counseile that you thinck best: And, if you shall know anie thinge necessarie to be declared to me of secreasie, you shall shew it to myselfe onlie, and assure yourself I will not faile to keep taciturnitie therein. And thearfore hearewith I chardge you.

WORDS *spoken by the Quene to the
Lordes, at her Accession.*

MY Lordes, the law of nature moveth me to sorowe for my sister: The burdaine that is fallen uppon me maketh me amazed; and yet, consydering I am God's creature, ordeined to obay his appointment, I will thearto yelde, requiringe from the bottome of my hart, that I may have assistaunce of his grace, to be the minister of his heavenlie will in this office now committed to me. And, as I am but one bodie naturallie consydered, though, by his permission,

mission, a bodie politick to governe; so I shall require you all, my Lords, (chieflye you of the Nobilitie, everie one in his degree and powre) to be assistant to me; that I with my rulinge, and you with your service, maye make a good accompte to Almyghtie God, and leave some comfort to our posteritie in earthe. I meane to direct all myne actions by good advice and counseill, and thearfore, at this present, consydering that divers of you be of the auncient nobilitie, having your beginninge and estates of my progenitors, Kings of this realme, and thearbie ought in honour to have the more naturall care for the mainteining of mye estate and this commonwealth. Some others have bene of long experience in governaunce, and enhabled by my father of noble memorie, my brother, and my late sister, to bear office: The rest of you being uppon special trust latelie called to her service onlie and trust, for your service consydered and rewarded. My meaning is to require, of you all, nothing more but faithfull harts, in suche service as from tyme to tyme shal be in your powers towards the preservation of me and this commonwealth. And, for counseill and advice, I shall accept you of my nobilitie, and suche others of you the rest, as in consultation I shall thinck mete, and shortlie appointe; to the whiche also, with their advice, I will join to their aide, and for ease of their burden, others mete for my service; and theye which I shall not appoint, lett them not thinck the same for anie disabilitie in them, but for that I consider a multitude doth make rather disorder and confusion

confusion than good counseill, and of my good will you shall not doubt using yourselves as appertaineth to good and loving subjects.

*Extract from a Speech of Q. ELIZABETH,
to her Parliament, relating to her Ce-
libacy, 1575.*

—NOW, to rehearse my mean-
inge, latelie unfolded to my
Lord Keeper, yt shall not be needfull, though
I must needs confesse myne owne mylike so
much to stryve againste the matter, as if I wear
a milkmaide wyth a payle on my arme, wheare-
by my pryvate person might be little set by; I
wolde not forsake my poore and single state, to
matche wyth the greatest Monarche. Not that
I do condemne the double knot, or judge anyys
of suche as, forced by necessitie, cannot dis-
pose of themselves to another lyfe —

The following Letters I find in a MSS. intituled, *A precious Token of her Highness's great Wit and marvelous Understandinge.* It doth not seem improbable that Elizabeth's Ambition might prompt her to emulate other Princes in the Gift of writing, dictating, and talking at the same Time, as these Letters intimate she did, on different Subjects. At what Time this happened is not mentioned, nor does the Subject determine the Period; but the Authenticity is scarce to be doubted, the MSS. containing many Papers written in her Time, and by a Person about the Courte. What Honour these extraordinary Performances reflect on this illustrious Virgin, the Editor submits to the Reader's Judgment, and wished only to gratify his Curiosity, by inserting them.

The LETTER the Queen's Majesty wrote, whylest she gave Instructions for the other that followith, and bearing a Tale which she made Answer unto.

EVEN suche good helpe, my friende, as never can appeare, is wisht may fall unto your share! bye one even whollye yours, if he can be such one, that scant is found to be his owne.

owne. Your curiouse care to know what greiue encombred mye breast, together with the remedie that may cure the fore, is harder for mee to utter than wryte.

If mye guest where not worser than the lodging, the rest were not worse than the travail; and, least my paraphrase agree not with the text, I will make myne owne exposityon. The constitution of my mynde's vessel is not so evil framed, as whereupon grevous diseases or perilous maladise have taken holde. I fynde not the mixture so evil made, as that any one of the foure elements of all overruleth so his fellow, as that the rest may envye his happ.

Since but one other parte the divine Powre hath geayen us for the best, it followeth then that there must be the playnte, or gone is all the mone. And your request that seldom I denye, had not enforced a custome newly made, it would have pleased me well, that you should not forget how hardlye grene wounds suffered their touchers hand; but, since a naye your firme friende can scarce be brought to make you, the upper scale you shall touche, to fownde the depthe, shall serve the feelers parte. When I a gathering make of common pathes and trades, and think uppon the fundrie sortes of travailars in them, I fynde a muse, no greater when multitudes be gathered, and faces many a one, amongst the whyche, not two of all be fownde alyke. Then wonder breeds in me how all thys worldye masse so longe is made to holde, where never a moulde is framed alyke, no never a mynde agrees wyth any other. And,

were

were it not that heavenly power overcome the
philosophie, it could not content me well to
remember that an evel is betterd, the less it be
endured.

The LETTER dictated by the Queen.

A Question was once asked me thus, Must
ought be denied a friende's request? An-
swer me yea or naye. It was answered, No-
thyng. And first it is best to scann what a
friende is; which I thinke nothyng less than
friendshippe's harbour. Now it followeth what
friendshippe is, which I deem nothyng but one
uniforme consent of two myndes, suche as vir-
tue links, and nought but death can part.
Therefore I conclude that the howse which
shrinketh from its foundation shall down for me.
For friende leaves he to be, that doth demande
more than the giver's grant, which reason's
leave maye yeilde. And, if then mye friende no
more, God send my foe may mende. And, if
needylie thou must wyll, yet at the least no
power be thyne to atchieve thyne desyre; for
where myndes differ, and opinions swarve,
there is scant a friende in that companie. But
if my happ be fallen in so happie a soyl, as one
suche be founde who wylls but that beseems,
and I be pleased with that he so allows; I bid
myself farewell, and then I am but his.

The Reader may observe a strange quaintness in
these letters, often obscure, yet mixed with shrewd
matter; and in many places an affectation of con-
fining the sentence to a kind of measure sometimes
ten, eight, or six syllables.

Sir

Sir ROBERT SYDNEY to Sir JOHN HARRINGTON, 1600.

Worthy Knyght,

YOUR presente to the Queen was well accepted of; she did much commend your verse, nor did she lesse praise your prose: Your Irysh business is lesse talked of at her Highness's palace, for all agree, that you did go and do as you were bidden; and, if the great Commanders went not where they ought, how shoud the Captains do better withouten order? But, mum, my worthie knyght, I crave all pardon for touching your galled back. The Queen hath tasted your dainties, and saith you have marvellous skill in cooking of good fruits. If I can serve you in your northern suit, you may command me; I hear you have been to those parts, and taken possession of Harrington Parke: Our Lawyers say, your title is well grounded in conscience, but that strict law doth not countenance your recoveringe these landes of your ancestors, as the Queen's ryghte is somewhat extinguisht by your cosins Stephen and James, who left issue, and thereby it comyth not straight to the Queen, whose good will towarde you is ever apparent. I have seen ancient recordes, wherein it appeareth, that Sir James Harrington, slain in Bosworth field, did give by wyll all these landes to his brother, Sir Robert, who was attained by Hen. the VIIth, for siding with the Yorkists. Our Queen's father did grant them by reversion to your father, and so far I learn from

from Master Sherwood, a cunning lawyer; what I can do herein I will to serve you. Visit your friends often, and please the Queen by all you can, for all the great Lawyers do much fear her displeasure. I know not how matters may prosper with your noble Commander, the Lord Essex; but must say no more at this time of writing. My sister beareth this in privacy, and therefore so safe; but I will not trust to ill fortune which crosseth good purpose, and leadeth oft to danger. My malady is much abated; my wife hath been my doctor, my nurse, my friend, and my sovereign cure. I suppe broth from the Queens kitchen, and eat of her Majesties sweet cakes, which do nourish my poor blood, and cherish good humours. I do read Ariosto, and commend the translator to all friends, which you mark as the best good will I can shew you. Now you have left the sword in Ireland, and taken to the plough in England, let me have proofs of your employ, and send me verses when you can; I do see the Queen often; she doth wax weak since the late troubles, and Burleigh's death doth often draw tears from her goodly cheeks; she walketh out but little, meditates much alone, and sometimes writes in private to her best friends. The Scottish matters do cause much discourse, but we know not the true grounds of State business, nor venture farther on such ticklish points. Her Highness hath done honour to my poor house by visiting me, and seemed much pleased at what we did to please her. My son made her a fair speech, to

F

which

which she did give most gracious reply. The women did dance before her, whilst the cornets did salute from the gallery; and she did vouchsafe to eat two morsels of rich comfit cake, and drank a small cordial from a gold cup. She had a marvelous suit of velvet borne by four of her first women attendants in rich apparel; two ushers did go before, and at going up stairs she called for a staff, and was much wearied in walking about the house, and said she wished to come another day. Six drums and six trumpets waited in the court, and sounded at her approach and departure. My wife did bear herself in wondrous good liking, and was attired in a purple kirtle fringed with gold; and myself in rich band and collar of needlework, and did wear a goodly stuff of the bravest cut and fashion, with an under body of silver and loops. The Queen was much in commendation of our appearances, and smiled at the Ladies, who in their dances often came up to the stepp on which the seat was fixed to make obeysance, and so fell back into their order again. The younger Markham did several gallant feats on a horse before the gate, leaping down and kissing his sword, then mounting swiftly on the saddle, and passed a lance with much skill. The day well nigh spent, the Queen went and tasted a small beverage that was set out in divers rooms where she might pass, and then in much order was attended to her palace, the cornets and trumpets sounding through the streets. One Knyght I dare not name: did say, the Queen had done me more honour,

honour, than some that had served her better ;
 but envious tongues have venomd shafts, and
 so I reſte in peace with what hath happened, and
 God ſpeed us all. My worthie Knyght, I wiſh
 you in health and good cheer, and, when for-
 tune doth favour, I hope to ſee you this way,
 and taſte your wit, and you ſhall taſte our wine.
 Thus I will lay down my quill, which ſeldom
 wearys in a friendly taſe ; but aches, and pains,
 and ſleep, and haſte do all conſpire againſt fur-
 ther matter of writing. Ever remaining, in
 kind remembrance,

Your Friend,

ROB. SYDNEY.



F. 2

A Ro-

A Romantic Letter, from a Miscellaneous Collection of Letters and Poetry in MS. dated 1647, by different Authors; the following seems Part of a longer Work, and is signed on the back JOHN HARRINGTON, alias POLINDOR, to his loving Sister ELIZABETH, Of the Beginning of Love's Progress. From Cambridge.

TWAS in the day of that sweet time when the gaudy earth seems newly teeming with the fruits of Flora, and paints her young cheeks like a bride; when the Sun her lover smiles, and runs his nearest course to court her. 'Twas at the hour when the larks shrill waits called forth their Lady Morn; dropping her pearls like favours on the gazing mortal. Such beauteous morn more than the painted face did I admire; ah, gentle sister! beyond the grace of mistress's cheek, best lip, or eye; then did I love the May flow'rs gaudery, blind to the living beauties that dispose the joyes of life. One while I try'd my bow, then, to beguile slow time, some philosophic book holds dialogue; then by the curling brook lye down and muse; till again I tread in gambols ore the flow'ry plain; then sing, soft eccho bearing part, and seemed to say,—'Churl as thou art, that flouts fair beauty, and wantons with thine self delighted; wise age may prove thy folly'—Then wilt weep thee blind, when Cupid's justice pays thee back disdain.'—Thus pass'd the morn; when lo! a still small noise stole to mine

mine ear; whether a voice that sung, complained, or what, I knew not then, but 'twas a sound of pleasure; it seem'd so dandled by the orejoy'd air, that I was loth to lose it; I hugg'd it close like mine ears jewel; I listning went, yet softlier pacing, lest a hurt leaf should broach complaint.—'Twas a bower whence seemd to float this musick of lute and voice composed. Each sense was now chain'd to the ear, and in sweet transport did I lie, conjuring the twilight shade to favour the repose. Now with new joy inflam'd to see those lips and hand that frame such wondrous sounds; and thought she must be fair whose voice and touch were charming. Yet, gentle sister, did I say, beware, fond youth, if, so enamour'd of a voice, her eye may kill thee. Pacing like the soft air, through every place I darted my quick sight, till one blest glance saved my eyes longings; I spyed a glorious form. The woman, bravest prized, now blouze-like woud appear. Nature's whole stock was lavished here, and shee herself undone. The sight woud move gods to cross arms, and be her suitors; and poor weak mortals wonder into stone. She seemd a Vestal in attire, a cold and frozen maid expos'd to that chaste curse, a single life. She to the fount had stray'd, nought fearing ambush'd eyes, and there, gentle sister, to the foot disrob'd. She shot new light into those shades as tho' another morn did rise with her. Eyes, colour'd black, with pure life-streaming ray, mock'd the poor diamond's sickly blaze, and sham'd the eye of noon. Had fair Narcissus glanced

glanced his peerless self in this fond chrystal
 fount, well had the form itself adorn'd, and for
 the mirror's sake the youth had died. Her fore-
 head high-rais'd and even, spread like the sky ma-
 jestic; it was the throne of state to beauty.
 This was the barr that seem'd to arraign each
 bold o'er-saucy thought; and, tho' she feign'd
 a frown, yet smil'd a lightning through it.
 Now did my new-world-wandering eye coast on
 her cheek; it show'd of purest colour, and
 there did lillies start, with bashful roses blend-
 ing, 'neath the warm sunshine of her eye.
 Here did the graces loiter, and here woud lie
 Love's wag made wanton by her smile, tum-
 bling himself. Then to her rare-shap'd lips I
 bent a veiw; the cherry looks but pale, the
 ruby too. The praise of Gods woud wait their
 nectar, if they knew such heav'n preserves were
 yet untasted. So glow'd the blushing boy, list-
 ing his burning cheek from Venus' kiss ambro-
 sial, nuzzling to her breast. Her silken hair
 in many a bread, coronet-like, clove to her
 head; no gaudy tissue here nor wire of gold,
 which some fond poets gild their verse withal;
 'twas brown, the noblest die, most comely
 sweet. Its top o'er-peering, a diamond phoenix
 shone, that seem'd Love's ambush, out which
 came braided strings for Cupid's bow. Next
 shew her breasts, so sweetly aspiring, as if
 they meant to suckle the babe Desire. I did
 suppose them the Love-god's mounts, where
 oft in wanton play he loses his random ar-
 rows. Were he again in his swadling cloths,
 sure, gentle sister, he would have lain here cra-
 dled.

dled, and slumberd on such down-felt pillows.
 Her arms, like twins, in loving fold; play with
 each other; so lovely that all praise dispraises.
 Who woud not live a prisoner in such arms,
 and all his freedom give for so fair keepers?
 And shall they, cruel fate! embrace but one
 another! Her dainty curious hand Love's mo-
 ther's self might envy. I saw the azure veins
 that shewd like purling founts wandering ore
 white banks of lillies. Sure nature's mold was
 lost when these were made. Then did sweet
 Fancy say, their touch divine coud raise a palsy
 to its life, coud charm the gout into a gal-
 liard, or stroak a panther tame. And now
 (lower wading) was unveil'd her fine naked
 waist; about it nought did hover but the ena-
 moured stream, and wreath'd its amorous folds.
 So smooth, so dainty shap'd, ah, happy they,
 such wealthy armful to inclose, and zodiack
 that blissful world, which circles more than the
 whole great one. Thus, gentle sister, did I
 grow to Love, and thus did Cupid from her
 eye split, till then, a heart of stone. Pity is Hea-
 ven's glory, but what alas! can this hope give?
 She is a Vestal vow'd, and says she must not
 love. Go rather woo some marble statue, love
 a tree, or court the northern ice than she far,
 far more melting. Those may eccho some kind
 noyse, and seem to mourn again; weep o'er
 the adamant, 'twill surely pity more. Through
 doubt and through desire do I burn and freeze;
 I blame my starrs with thanks. I talk unto the
 wand'ring wind, and fool it with the eccho.

Am pleas'd with trees, lone rocks, and cells so-
ciety. I kiss my chain; sweet hopes and fears
convulsion my poor heart. I grow a man of
all weathers, this hour lowring, smiling the
next in sunshine of a honey shower. In brief,
some heavens, but yet more hells do seize me;
and nought is left, my gentle sister, but to en-
joy or die. Adieu.



A SON.

A SONNET made on ISABELLA MARK-
HAME, when I firste thought her fayer as
she stood at the Princess's Windowe in
goodlye Attire, and talkede to dyvers in
the Courte-Yard.

From a MS. of JOHN HARINGTON, dated 1564.

I.

WHENCE comes my love, O hearte,
disclose,

'Twas from cheeks that shamed the rose;
From lips that spoyle the rubies prayse;
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze.
Whence comes my woe, as freely owne,
Ah me! 'twas from a hearte lyke stone.

II.

The blushynge cheek speakes modest mynde,
The lipps besitting wordes moste kynde;
The eye does tempte to love's desyre,
And seems to say, 'tis Cupid's fire;
Yet all so faire, but speake my moane,
Syth noughte dothe saye the hearte of stone.

III.

Why thus, my love, so kynde bespeake,
Sweet lyppe, sweet eye, sweet blushynge cheeke,
Yet not a hearte to save my paine,
O Venus; take thy giftes again;
Make not so faire to cause our moane,
Or make a hearte that's lyke our owne.

*This Verse was made in 1567, on a most
stonie-hearted Mayden who did sorelie be-
gyle the noble Knyghte, my true Friende,
and who did much greive thereon, even to
his Deathe: On which dire Mysbappe she
starvede her, and kepte hidden from every
Eye till her owne Deathe fell oute some
little Space of Tyme from the good Knyghtes
lamentable End.*

*O maydens, prove more kynde,
Who starve their love may starvinge finde.*

J. H. MSS. 1564.

I.

WHY didst thou raise such woeful wayle,
And waste in briny tears thyne days;
Cause shee, that wont to flout and rayl,
At last gave proof of woman's waies?
Shee did, in sooth, display the heart
That mought have wrought thee greater smarte.

II.

Why thank her then, not weep or mone,
Let others guard their careless heart;
And praise the day that thus made knowne
The faithles hold on woman's art.
Their lips can gloze and gain suche roote,
That gentle youthe hathe hope of fruite.

III.

But, ere the blossom fair dothe rise,
To shoot its sweetness o'er the tasle,
Creepeth

Creepeth disdain in canker-wise,
 And chilling scorne the fruit dothe blaste.
 There is no hope of all our toyl,
 There is no fruite from such a soil.

IV.

Give o'er thy playnt, the danger's o'er,
 Shee might have poyson'd all thyne lyfe;
 Such wayward mynde had bred thee more
 Of sorrowe, had shee prov'd a wyfe.
 Leave her to meet all hopeles meed,
 And bleis thyself that so art freed.

V.

No youthe shall sue suche one to winne,
 Unmark'd by all the shyning fair,
 Save for her pride and scorn, such sinne
 As hearte of love can never bear:
 Like leaffless plant in blasted shade,
 So liveth shee a barren mayde.



Sir JOHN HARINGTON to the *Lorde Treasurer* BURLEIGH.

My worthie Lord,

IT affordethe me no small joye to hear by Mr. Bellot, whom good fortune did throw in my way at the Bathe, that your gouty disorder was growing to better humour; it is a plague, like the greedy parasite, the better fed, the longer guest; but your Lordship dothe not invite the stay of such friends by rich wines, or strong spices; yet, like many others, it will come to your door, which shutteth against none. Your message to me for my budget of wit, is ill-timed; I am very busy, yet very idle; very well, yet very ill; very merry, yet very sad. Busy with my workmen, yet idle myself, I write nought but long bills. Well in my body, but sick in my purse. Merry to think my house well nigh done, and sad to say tis not well nigh paid for. In an old book of my father's I read a merrie verse, which, for lack of my own, I send by Mr. Bellot, to divert your Lordshippe, when as you say weighty pain and weightier matters will yield to quips and merri-ment. This verse is called *The Blacke Sauntus*, or Monkes hymn to *Saunte Satane*, made when Kynge Henrie had spoylede their *synginge*. My father was wont to say, that Kynge Henry was used in pleseante moode to sing this verse; and my father, who had his good countenance, and a goodlie office in his Courte, and also his
goodlie

goodlie Esther * to wife, did sometyne receive the honour of hearing his own songe, for he made the tune which my man Combe hath sent herewith; having been much skilled in musicke which was pleasing to the King, and which he learnt in the fellowship of good Maister Tallis, when a young man. Bishop Gardener would not have liked him the better, had he known he was guilty of such jibes, which, perhaps, he had heard of too. Our work at the Bathe dothe go on *hau'd passibus æquis*—we sometime gallop with good presents, and then as soon stand still for lack of good spurring; but it seemeth more like a church than it hath aforesaid, when a man could not pray without danger of having good St. Stephen's death, as the stones were tumbling about our eares, and it were vain to pray for such enemies. But now, to pray for our friends may not be ill taken on earth or in heaven. So may God give your Lordship all comfort, ease, and health of body, till he shall (*O Dies procul esto*) receive your soul. If I ever pray'd better for myself, I become a greater sinner by so much of a lie, for I never did, nor ever will. In all dutie, I reeste

Your humble Wellwisher,

Kelston, 1595.

JOHN HARINGTON.

* This Esther was a natural daughter of the Kyng's, to whom he gave as a dower the lands belonging to Bathe priory, or a part thereof.

*The Monks Hymn to Saunte Satan, chauntede
daily in their Cells, till goodlie Kynge
Henry spoyled their Singing, 1546.*

O Tu qui dans oracula, scindis cotem no-
vacula,
Da nostra ut tabernacula, lingua canant verna-
cula,
Opima post jentacula, hujusmodi miracula,
Sit semper plenum poculum, habentes plenum
loculum,
Tu serva nos ut specula, per longa et læta sæcula,
Ut clerus ut plebecula, nec nocte nec de cula,
Curent de ulla recula, sed intuentes specula,
Dura vitemus spicula, jacentes cum amicula,
Quæ garrit ut cornicula, seu tristis seu ridicula,
Tum porrigamus oscula, tum colligamus flos-
cula;
Ornemus ut cœnaculum, et totum habitaculum,
Tum culy post spiraculum, spectemus hoc spec-
taculum.

N. B. The musick of this hymn is a canon in what the musicians call Sub Diapason and Diatesseron, a practice peculiar to the Learned in that period of time, when Tallis flourished, whose works abound in such laboured compositions; and no wonder his scholars adopted the manner of their Master, who was so truly excellent.

N. B. This is printed by the ingenious method lately invented by Mr. Fought, of musical types, and is equal to engraving.

A L E T-

The Monks' Hymn to SAUNTE

O Tu qui dans o---ra-cu---la Scin-dis cotem r

O Tu qui dans o---ra-cu--la Scin---

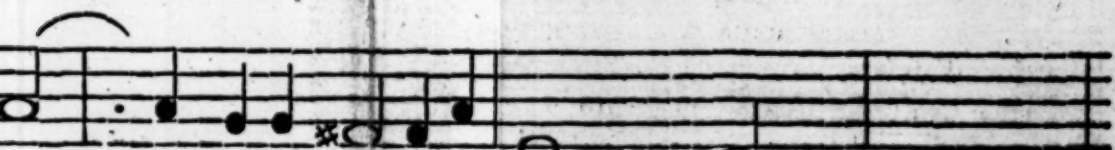
O Tu qui dans o----ra

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with various note values including minims, crotchets, and quavers. There are several rests and a repeat sign. The lyrics 'O Tu qui dans o---ra-cu---la Scin-dis cotem r' are written below the first staff. The second staff continues the melody with lyrics 'O Tu qui dans o---ra-cu--la Scin---'. The third staff begins with a bass clef and continues the melody with lyrics 'O Tu qui dans o----ra'. The paper is aged and slightly discolored.

NTE SATANE, by J. H.



tem no---va-cu---la O Tu &c.



Scin-----dis cotem no-va-cu--la O ୬୮.



o---ra--cu---la Scin---dis cotem no-va-cu---la O ୬୯.

A LETTER of the QUEENE's Majesties Translation out of Seneca.

N. B. This Letter was given by Queene ELIZABETH, to her Servante JOHN HARINGTON, in Token of Remembrance of her Highness Pains-taking and learned Skyll, 1567, and which he did highly prize and esteem in such Sort.

WHERE is this witt become, where lies this subtill scanningge that breedes this contempte of all? What harborowe hath the stoutnesse of thie mynde? Can so small a thing vex the? Thie servaunte sawe thie busines greate, and thought that meetest cawse to leave the so; what, and thye frends beguile the? Geve them that name that the Epicure gave them: Suche be their cristening. What great matter is it if they leave thee at thie neede, that made thee marre thie worke, and cawsed thee troublesome to all? There is none of all theise things neither unwonted or unlooked for. To be offendid at theise matters is as great a scorne, as to whyne that thou art dashed with myre, or troubled with the thronge: Our lief is as thrall to myshapps as paynes be common, multitudes not rare, and journeys of sondrie sortes. Some things are diferred, and other redilye happens. It is no delighting thinge to lyve, for so thou entrest into a long journey, where somtymes thou must needs slyppe and then upp agayne, and so somtymes thou fallest, often tymes art weried, and dryven to crye oute. Of deathe
thou

thow measurest this waye, in some place thow shalt leave thie companyon, in an other tyme thow shalt have his companye, in an other thow shalt feare hym. By suche myshapps fallen in offence, this broken craggie waye must thou passe: Who so must dye, let his mynde be prepared against all events. When he hathe suffered the clappe, let hym be sure the lightening is past. Let hym not be ignorant that he is come in to that place, where greevous woes and revenging cares have made their harborowe; where pale disease and sad age have built their tenement. In this rotten bower our life we must lead: To shonne these things we cannott, to despyse them lieth in our power. And thus we may contempne them, if ofte we thincke there on, and overtake them ere they happe. There is no man but stoutlier resisteth that to whiche a long contynewed purpose hath hasted his redynesse, and maketh hym with force resyft the hardest happs by fore thoughts of suche chaunces.

But, farr awaye from this, the unskilfull man is made full fore afraied of every tryfeling cawse. Let this be our greatest care, that never nothing happen to us that our imagination hath not foretolde us. And, for that all things be made more greevous bye noveltie, lett this daylye thought stand the in steede, that thow never be a new soldiour to anye mishapp. Have thie servants forsaken thee? thou art in good case, other they have robbed, some they have accused, other they have killed, betrayed, overtrodden, yea, ended with yenome, and shortenyd their dayes
by

by false accusation: There is nothing thou canst reckon that hath not bene the luck of more than one. Since then manie and sondrie mishapps be levelled to our share, of whiche some stycke faste in us, other some glaunce very neare unto us, and, when they moſte touche us, wee go not free without some rase of another's mishapp. Let us make no wonder of fuche things, to which we are borne; let no one complayne of that, that a lyke doth happ to all; thus I meane alyke, for, though one shonne it, he might have suffered it. The law is a lyke, not by the use, but bye the commaundement. Let equitye raigne over thie mynde, and without bill of complaynt pay the trybute that to death thou owest. The winter bringeth his coldes, shewer then: The summer sheweth her heat, give place to his gloomes. The evell-seasoned aier breedeth diseases: Brook well sicknes. An untamed beast crosseth thie waie; yet, wurst then that, one harmfuller of thine owne sexe: Somethinge water destroyeth, an other the fyre takes awaye; the wandring state of things no man maye chaunge. This only lyeth in our power, to frame a stowte mynde and worthie a good bodie, by which we maye strongly withstand mishapps, and easylie consent to nature's myserye: Yea, nature her self (which daylye our eyes witnesse) tempereth the force of her raigne with the number of her chaunges. The cleare daies followes the darck clowdes; the rowghest seas insues the greatest calmes; the wynds that harme and helpp be blasted bothe at once. The day followes the trace the night bathe

hathe gone before; part of the heavens bye rowling cometh alofte, when other part is drenched in hidden place far from our sight: The contynewaunce of all standeth by contrarieties. To this lawe our mynde must be prepared; let it follow and obeye this, and, whatsoever betydes, let hym thinck it behoved to be done; and let hym fynde no fault with nature's blame: It is best to suffer that thow canst not mend. And, sence God is the authour of all things that be, without whome nothing can happ, let us follow him with no grudging mynde. An evell souldiour is he whoe with sighes folloves his Captayne: wherefore lett us take our chardge not lyke the grudging sluggard, but as the joyfull man; nor lett us leave this course of faire workmanship, in which all our sufferance is well engraven. And thus let us talke with our Maker, the Father and Ruler of the loftie skye; Lead me where so it please the best, no abode shall staye, but I will obeye; with no slowe pace will I trase thie pathe. Imagen that so I cannot doe, yet must I follow thee with teares, and, as a wicked wretche, must byde that, which, as a good man, I might have borne. Destenies guyde the willing, but draw the grudging sorte.

So let us live, so doe we speake, that theye maye ever fynde us readie and not unprepared. The greatest hart is it that bequeaves to God his parte, and he, of base and basterdlye mynde that wrestells a pluck with the world's order, conceyves therof an evill opynion, and seekes rather to amend God than hym self. Fare well.

The

The State of Ireland, as it appeared to the Army Inspectors in Queen ELIZABETH'S Time, during the Rebellion in 1599. From a Paper sent by Lord ESSEX to England, and delivered by Sir JOHN HARINGTON, Captain of Horse.

THE cheefe causes of want of reformation in Ireland arise, 1. From the Churches for the most part, in general, being decayed so as the lawes of God are not in anye good sorte or order therein minister'd.

2. The good instructions delivered to Governors from England, not put in execution, nor followed during their governments.

3. No shire halls, nor other places fitt for the ordinary administration of justice there.

4. No circuits nor quarter sessions there kept, as becomethe.

5. The disorders of soldiers not punished.

6. The disorders of purveyors not corrected.

7. The joyning in marriage, fostering, and allying of the Iryshry withe the Englishe subjects.

8. No Englishe laws or orders put in execution, or administred in Iryshe countries, where the Englyshe do governe.

9. No restitution made to the subjects of the Pale for any spoyles on them committed by the Iryshry.

10. The selling of horse armour, weapons, munition and furniture by the Englysh subjects to the Iryshry, and payeing of great customs and duties

duties in the Irysh markets by the Englysh subjects.

11. The great want of Englysh tenants throughout the Pale.

12. The want of armour, weapons, munition, and furniture by the subjects of the Pale, and want of skylle for lacke of exercise, how to use Englyshe weapons.

13. The want of schooles throughout the Pale, either to learn younglings the Englyshe tongue, or to instruct the elder sorte in rules of humanitie.

14. The want of gaol-houses for to imprison offenders; by reason whereof private subjects do imprison within their owne houses for their particular causes; and likewise upon agreement with the parties, do also enlarge, by which occasion, force is holden in many places for lawe, and the meaner sorte greatly impoverished.

15. A number of idle people, horsemen, Karne, Galoglass, and such like, with their followers, and dependers, do live travellinge the Pale, and consuming the poor inhabitants thereof in eating their meate and drinke, and drawinge the Irysh neighbours to robbe and spoyle the subjects as they find opportunity, who, being knowne offenders, doth sometymes shew signs of advancing into the Irysh countries next adjoyning, and there accompanying themselves with the loosest and naughty people thereof; with whom they join in alliance, to the end to acquaint them with the pathes and secreties of the Pale, of intent to punish the robbery and such like, to every one these idle people

people are not friendlie unto; by which disorders great harms have been often committed, the offenders escaping punishment thereof.

16. Item, The loose and naughty people of the Iryshry are sometymes taken to Comericke by the borderers of the Pale, during which time they be not only hare-doers, but become perfect guides to harm the subjects in time of rebellion.

17. Item, The youthe of the Iryshe countries are for the most part brought up in the Pale as horse-boyes, until they come to years of man's estate, whereas they commonly depart into their owne countries with some spoyle, and, being learnede after in warrs or committinge of stelthes, there are they maintained, and relieved in the Pale as beggars; so is the Pale their only refuge, save duringe the time that they are able to offend the same.

18. Item, The maintaininge of a number of uncivil and unnecessarie people, by the wicked abuse of coyn and livery greatly used.

19. Item, The borderers of the Pale bringeing up their childern after the savage and Iryshe manner, setting them at liberty at the age of sixteen years, or thereabouts, with companies of Karne, to live unbridled by the spoyle.

20. The not usinge Englishe apparel and Englishe behaviour by many great Gentlemen on the borders, of Englishe birth.

21. Item, The maintaininge of Irishe harpers, rymers, bardes, poets, and such other their likes, in the Pale together, proving that the Iryshe behaviour is too perfectly lérned.

22. Item,

22. Item, The merchantes of the Pale do not bring Englyshe bowes, and armor, as by the lawes they are appointed; whereof the subjects are very ill furnished.

23. Item, The leavyng of Englyshe castles, and border landes waste by the Englyshe subjects, or setting the same to some Iryshe Gentlemen that have made free passages into many places of the Pale for the Iryshry to have their wills; by committinge many spoyle therein to the weakeninge thereof.

24. Item, The using to kill, murder, robbe, and spoyle by such of the Englyshe borders, as on whose name the like offences have been committed, unless that great eryckes or ransomes be made in recompence, not seeking the due means to punysh the sayd offences, by course of her Majesty's lawes, hath bred great disquietnes to that estate.

25. Item, The using to parley by borderers with the Iryshe neighbours privatly for their owne causes without commission, and joyninge with them in great league of friendshippe; by means whereof the secret servyce, intended by Governors on their appointments, have been by the said private parlers made knowne to the rebels, to the great hinderance of servyce many times.

26. Item, Loose, idle, and naughty people of the Iryshe countries, by whom the subjects are most offended, are not answered for, nor brought in by the Captains or cheefetains of the Iryshe, neither punished in any sorte for their offences,

to the great annoyance of the Pale, by such encouragement.

27. The relievinge of the Iryshry with aqua vitæ, made plentifully in the Pale, and to them conveyed as well in time of peace, as duringe their rebellion, to their great incouragment, and hindring the Pale many wayes.

28. Item, The want of good labourers, handycraftsmen, and artificers, by occasion that so many are mayntainde in idle life, hath greatly weakened the countrey in general.

29. The black rents and tributes, paid by the Englishe subjects to the Irysh neighbours, doth weaken the subject, and strengthen the enemy very much.

30. Item, The hue and cry not followed in form of lawe, on any robbery or spoyles committed by the Rebels, doth embolden them greatly, and weaken the Englyshe nation.

31. Item, The Spirituallities and Temporalties do not maintain the number of men appointed them by the lawes, for the defence of the realme, to the distrengthening thereof.

32. The Sheryffes and Under-sheryffes of the English counties do use to accompany themselves with Karyn and suchlike Irysh helpers, in servinge her Majesties processees, and doing of their offices, being very unfitt ministers to execute any Englishe actions, under colour whereof they take horse-meate and man's meate gratis, and commit great extortion and outrage, but never are punishede.

For all which abuses and defectes there are many good lawes; yet suche hath been the negligent

execution of them, that they are at this tyme little regarded; therefore no hope of reformation, untill the saide lawes are executed, or such as shall be thought necessary, without respect of persons.



Fran

From an Original Letter of ASCHAM, Tutor to Queen ELIZABETH, to the Earl of LEICESTER, 1566.

Most honourable and my best Lord,

IF I should write at full to your Lordshipp what my hart woulde, or what my present necessitie requeareth, I might seeme either to flatter or to over-reache; to flatter, because I wryte unto you; to over-reache, because I wryte of my self: But I trust your goodnes will judge me voyde of bothe; such as commytt either be commonlye those that be the great graters for gayne and profit. And howe troublesome I have hetherto bene unto your Lordshipp, and that in as moche faire offered good will on your Lordshippes parte, both privatelie to my self, and openlie to others, as any of my callinge hath had in this Courte, your Lordshipp knoweth best: And, for my hart toward your Lordshipp, I neede not moche to wryte, for herein theise witnessses will satisfie, or nothing will serve, God, the Queene, and your owne self. And in as this your goodnes, open to all, bothe frend and foe, beinge alwayes as lothe to saye any man naye, as ever you were able to doe any man good, whoe, as I know full well my self, and as the reporte of all men goith, hath done more good even to your enemyes, then any man ells hath done to his frends. The cause whie in all this oportunitie I have not troubled your Lordshipp, by waye of sute, was neither forgeatfulnes of my self, nor mistrust of your goodnes; but

G

onlye

onlye the watching of suche a tyme, and suche a matter, as might be bothe easye for your Lordshipp to obtaine, and fit for me and myne to enjoye. Besydes that, of my self, not onlye by nature, but also by judgment, I am more desyrous to deserve good will, then readie to trouble by futes for gaine; which hath bene the onlye cause whie, in so many faire yeares and dayes which I have passed and spent with her Majestie, I never opened my mowthe to this hower, to trouble her Majestie with sute. Therefore, if I have dealt thus with the Queene, think it not straunge, nor unkyndelye done, moſte noble and my best Lord, that I have not troubled your Lordshipp with sute; and this request I gladlye make, for I doe thinck and also feare, that even your Lordshipp dothe thinck, that your frend doth deale unkindelye, and offer you wronge; whoe doth not bothe looke and labour for goodnes at your Lordshippes hand. But see mye moſte unhappie happe, or ells the strainge and overbolde injurie of others, by whome I am dryven, even of necessiitie, first to complayne of an injurie, before I crave anye benefitt at your Lordshippes hand: Whoe have ventured to turne the fayrest waye of my moſte hoped furderraunce into a readie pathe of my utter undoing, for wheare I surelye fixed my hope to have had more stay of your Lordshippes goodnes than of any man ells. Some have beene so bolde as to abuse your Lordshippes authoritie to do me that injurie; that few ornone wolde, either for inward conscience or common humanitie, have offered unto me: For if the matter, for the deede it self, for the maner of

of doing, for the persons that have done it, were expressed by me as I coulde, and understand by others at the full, it woulde fall oute more to other mens shame then my injurie, althoughe my utter undoing did follow thereof. But hitherto I have kept the matter from the Queenes Majestie, not disclosed it to good Master Secreterie, sayeng lesse to any other, then either my inward greife might justlye have uttered, or the injurye offered, and unkyndnes done, might well have deservid; for I purpose so to referre the matter onely to your Lordshipp, as all that heare the case shall witnesse, that either I obtayne my right by your Lordshippes onely goodnes, or ells suffer wronge by your Lordshippes onely authoritie. For I saye and will saye, bothe now and hereafter, and heare and ells wheare, yf the matter be not amended, that no boldenes durst, nor no power coulde have offered me, or done me this wronge, except some men had thought that the shadowe of your Lordshippes authoritie should so have covered their doinges and stopped my mowthe, as none should have seene, nor I durst have uttered the injurye done unto me. But they are deceived, for, though I am not so bolde and forward as some other be in cravinge of benefits, yet dare I well ynoughe complaine of an injurie, if, wheare, and when, and by whome it should not, it be offered unto me. And the better their boldenes might have bene borne with all, if it staid in injuring me; but, as they have ventured boldlye to abuse your Lordshippes authoritie, so have they not spared, with overmoche boldnes, to deale not the best

also with the Queenes Majestie, in disapointing her good will, and illuding her purpose in that matter, wherein she was speciallie bent openlye to shew a prerogative of her goodnes towards me. For did her Majestie give me that prebend by her onlye goodnes, and good Master Secreataryes frindlye motion, without my sute, without my knowledge, that another man should reape the best frute of that her good will? Or, when Mr. Bourne would needes intytile the Queene to the fee simple of that prebend, did her Majestie give oute her commission, wryte her lettres, send speciall tokens, talke earnestlye with her Officers, give straite commaundement to the whole Courte of the Excheaquer, that without delay I should have right even in a matter against her self: Was this prerogative, I say, of her goodnes so speciallie declared, so openlye testefied, that my Lord of Yorke might prevelye disapoint all her Majesties meaninge herein? I trust all good and wise men will bothe thinck and say nay. And besydes this injuring of me, besydes the abusinge of your Lordshipps authoritie, and besydes the illuding of her Majesties good purpose and will; surely the unkynde dealing doth greeve me mooste of all. For this seaven yeares I have spent my lif in cares at home, my lyving in sute and charges abroad; I have solde away my plate, and, that which grieveth me moche, my wifes poore jewells. I have, by this sute, with present debt, broughte in daunger of forfaitinge my whole lyving to comme, for me, my wif, and my children; for, bye chardge of this sute, I owe the Queene 200l.

and

and more; in witnesse of whiche debt, Sir Richard Sackvill hath my lease, geuen me by Queene Marye, whiche is the whole and onely lyvinge that I have to leave to my wif and children, if I dye. And if I shoulde now dye, as I ame not verie lyke to lyve long, my wif and children may overtrewlie saye, when I am gone: We maye all goe a begging for any thing that Master Ascham could ever geat to leave unto us, by all his servis done to Queene Elizabeth, or by all his great friends that he had in her Courte.

This thought, my Lord, pincheth me overneare the hart; herebye cometh my gray heares, my hollowe eyes, my heavie lookes, my long absence from the Courte, my thoughtfull byding at home, my daylye present greife for them which should be my greatest joye and comfort. And the better wif, the sayrer children that God hath blest me withal, the greater is my greife, that all my service in the Courte should purchase them nothing but beggerye, when I am gone; for, if I dye, all my things dye with me. And yet that poore service that I have done to Queene Elizabeth shall lyve still and never dye, as long as her noble hand and excellent learning in the Greeke and Latine tongues shall be knowne to the worlde. And also my happ is over hard, that I, being thought fitt to be Secreatarie to a Prince, to have the doing betwixte the Prince and Princes abroad, cannot be thought worthie of one grote by yeare at home, neither by land, fee, nor ferme, nor otherwise, which wif and children may enjoye, when I am gone. Ay, my good Lord, God kepe all good men from theise

cares; for he that never had good wif nor faire children can never come to theise cares and thoughts. And therefore trulye verye unhappie, and onely unhappie may I be, both compted now, and crownicled hereafter, if, of all those that have bene so long, and so mightie and so noble a Prince, I onely in the end must leave nothing but myserie to mye dearest frends. I feare, moste noble Lord, lest theise my inward cares cause me to utter forthe, over farr, theise my housholde greifes. And I was not so moche purposed to lament myne owne myserie, as to complayne uppon others injurie, unkindnesse, and uncurtesye done unto me in this present matter; for all theise my inward cares at home be doubled and trypled by the outward troubles abroad, partlye by the injuries of myne enemyes, but more by the unkindnes of my frends. Master Bourne did never greeve me half so moche in offering me wrong, as Mr. Dudley and the Bishopp of Yorke doe in taking away my right. No Byshopp, in Queen Maries time, would have dealt so with me, not Mr. Bourne hym self, when Winchester lyved, durst have dealt so with me. For suche good estimation, in those dayes, even the learned'st and wysest men, as Gardener and Cardinal Poole, made of my poore service, that, although they knew perfectlye, that, in religion, both by open wryting and pryve talke, I was contrarye unto them, yea, when Sir Frauncis Englefield by name did note me speciallye at the Councell-board, Gardener would not suffer me to be called thither, nor touched ells wheare, saienge suche wordes of
me

me as in a Lettre, though Lettres cannot, I
 blushe to write them to your Lordshipp. Win-
 chesters good will stooode not in speaking faire
 and wyshing well, but he did in deede that for
 me, whereby my wif and children shall live the
 better when I am gone. My moste noble Lord,
 shall my wife and children, when I am gone,
 trulye saye, Yet we have this to lyve on, gotten
 by my Lord of Winchester in Queene Maries
 tyme; but we have not one pennye to live on,
 gotten by my good Lord of Lecister in Queene
 Elizabethes time: Yea, the lyving that was
 speciallye purposed, by her noble goodnes to do
 us good, by my Lord of Lecister (though not
 openlye by his meane) yet privilie by his men,
 and though not by his will and doing, yet by his
 authoritie and suffering, is taken from us. Ay,
 my good Lord, perchaunce you think theise
 words be over sharpppe and needleffe, and I thinck
 so to, for I hope surelye that your Lordshippes
 goodnes will prove them so to be in the end.
 But sure I am, that, at this present, I write not
 so sharplye, as they have done shrewdlye, which
 of necessitie compell me thus to wryte: For all
 theise costs and charges have I sustayned, onelye
 to mayntayne the Church of Yorkes right, thinck-
 ing that, in the end of my labour and chardge,
 my Lord Archbisshopp (whoe never yet spent one
 penny in defence of his patronage) woulde, first,
 of curtesye, bestowe the advocation therof uppon
 my sonne Dudley, then of conscience graunt
 unto me a good long lease, to redeeme theise
 chardges which this sute cost me. But now,
 when I have, by long sute, great cost and care,

brought by order of law, by verdict, and judgment, this prebend to the Church of York a-gayne, which four Archbishops in fortie yeares could never bring so to passe : Beholde, when I looked for thancks, and hoped for recompence of my great chardges, by some long lease at the least, my Lord Archbischopp, before the matter was ended, (for it yet remayneth in costlye tryall unto me) most unkindlye, to my present undoing, and perpetuall greife, hath geuen away the advocation ; and geuen it so, under his, the Dean and Chapters seale, as now another man shall enjoye the sweet kinnell of this hard and chardgeable nutt, which I have bene so long in cracking ; and nothing left unto me but shells and shalls to feed me with all. Ay, my Lord, other kinde of writting then theise heauey letres had been more fitt for this present tyme. And surelye this had I never written, if the Bischopp in this matter had made anye accompt of learning, conscience, humanitie, or curtesie, or ells of his owne promesse unto me, whereof I will chardge hym, and that in the best presence, whereuer I meete hym in England. But to lett the Bischopp goe, at whose hands I look for no good, I referr the whole matter onelye to your Lordshipp, whoe may justlye and easilye to no mans injurie, to my great comforte and commoditie, to your great praise among all that shall heare of it ; your Lordshipp may, I say, amend all the matter, which if you doe, then doe you lyke your owne doing in all other things ells, and that is justlye, gentlye, and curteslye ; which as I surelye look for, so some of the wisest and
best

best men of this realme, and those that thinck
moste honourable of your Lordships nature, doe
assure me ye will do soe.

The waye is this :

Let the Bisshopp who, as your Lordship
knoweth, is bothe willing for your sake, and
able of him self, doe John Dudley some other
better good turne then this is, and, if it be twise
as good, I shall not envie it, so it be not joined
withe injuring me : Then may your Lordship
take the advocation, and, insteede of Dudley your
servaunt, bestowe it uppon Dudley your sonne.
And so shall John Dudley have a benefitt, and
I receave no injurie, your Lordship deserve all
thanks, and the Bisshopp none at all. And thus
verie happelye in deede shall fall out a meane
whereby your Lordship may be a good godfa-
ther in deede unto your sonne, and I and my
wif moste bounde unto you, as our assured hope
bath alwaye bene, and still is, that we and ours
shall have one good cause of comfort at your
Lordships hand. And then shall I bothe live in
more joye, and die with less care, when I shall
leave my dearest children so carefullie provided
for by his most noble godfather. But, if your
Lordship do not thus, I must thinck, and other
will judge, that you do me playne wrong, which
you doe in deede, thoughe not directly by your
self, yet manifestly by others, if you suffer any
other, under the shadowe of your authoritie, to
do it unto me. And then must I thinck my
happe ever hard, that your Lordship, whose
custome is to do good even to your enemyes,
should thus undoe me your poore frend : And
G 5. whose

whose nature is to do good to all and hurt none, shuld begynne the first injurie that ever you did, to offre it to hym, whoe is more desyrous of the increase of your Lordships honour, then ever he was of his owne profitt. And therefore, moste noble and my best Lorde, I praye in Gods behalf, let me understand playnlye, whither you purpose to doe or undoe me in this matter: Yea a speedie naye shall be more wellcome than my right wonne by overlong and careful craving. Yf ye say nothing, then ye tell me playnlye, ye wyll do nothing for me; yf ye drive me of with faire words, then ye drive me, thoughe not openlye to complayne, yet to lament, ells wheare, the injurie done unto me. But surelye you cannot doe so for good natures sake; nor will not do so for honours sake; nor ought not to do so, bothe for conscience, for equitie of the cause, and alsoe of curtesie, for that trewe hart and good will which you knowe I have ever borne to you and your name. And thus I end, reposing the doing or undoing of me, my wif, your sonne Dudley, and reste of my poore children in your Lordshipps onlie hand; and God send you as I wishe you. At London, the 14^o. Aprilis, 1566.

Another

Another Letter from J. H. dated Cambridge, 1647, to his Sister, being Part of the History begun Page 124.

THE RE is a precious gift, a wondrous thing, my gentle sister, which the world doth bless, and prize it as the gem of heav'n, and 'tis intituled—Happinefs. Each pining slave for this doth plod and sweat; from towers to thatch, from silk to leather, 'tis the prime minion of frail humanity: But most, alas! how blindly hurried to the wrong school, and cull a fool for tutor! Reason disclaim'd, sheer fancy is their guide; like the deluded pilgrim straggling wide, and so become worse strays. We grasp but airy blisses, and thus, tarantula-stung, dye midst laughing fits. Since Virtue only, Heav'ns choice offspring, does on her votaries the gift confer of a tenfold Indies. In Her we have an All. She gives the comfort, the nobler souls prime glory, the peace of a good action; she gently does infuse the moderate mind that seeks but what's enough, and points the happy man, Prince of this medley world, crown'd—by himself. But, gentle sister, why talk I of happinefs? Like to the chaced deer is that wretched lover, whose travels nought but scorn discover; his fancy shews a wilderness which wild thoughts compose; the dogs that hunt him, Grief, Sorrow, and lean Despair, killingly fleet, too true, and bloody diligent. The shaft sheath'd in his side—Desire, wave-pointed with a flame that heats the blood; at last, imboss with rage, the

poor o'er hounded wretch (far from the comforts of a cooling stream) with stag-like tears he falls,—Scorn's triumph and Love's sacrifice! And must I thus fall, my gentle sister!—Why then so coy, so dainty nice, my fair Flostella! When but to win one favour such a task doth prove, it were Herculean labour. Tell me, Love! what tho' that dainty hand touch mine, woud it less fair be shewn, or lose its fashion, if once but kindly prest? Or say those daintier lips touch mine, are they impoverishd, or waste their delicacies by often giving? The wanton air does in its hovering play still touch them, nay too the tawny ray of Phœbus. The fly may buzzing kiss, and touch unblamed those cherries—mine's no more. Reason I well, my sister?—And should she chide and frown, when I for charity do beg the alms of one sweet kiss? 'Twas never yet held sinn for starvelings to crave meat, or to deny life's self, when you are ne'er the poorer. But why does fair Flostella thus still retreat, or why so long adjourn our day, but sheds the Greenland curse of loathsome long felt night? Why pore we on the clods of this poor dull creation, whilst she our gem is hid, and thus inshrines the longing blisses of mankind? Say, Did we too prophanely slight the blessing of thy sight, or meanly rate it, when enjoy'd? If so, let angry absence make thee more revered. Or was it charity divine impelld thee to thy prayers, and kindly sue for our atonement; restore the fair example of that face, and we shall all be good. My gentle sister! she was not made for cloystring: The
glorious

glorious lamps of heaven, the wondrous seven
 that traverse in their spheres like blazing pa-
 geants, were not to corners thrust, but spread
 their glory to th' admiring world. O purest
 maid! were it not sometime wholesome to air
 thee through the field or shade, when from some
 hill fair-map'd does lye a little Europe travel'd
 by thine eyes keen veiw? May's sovereign de-
 licious breeze might aid thyne cheeks, and fan
 thy spicy breast to breath its purest odour! How
 blest! when erst the kind indulgent stars propi-
 tious shone on earth; when, with sweet con-
 verse, and in evening fair, that mildest age of
 day, we stole together forth, beneath the sprink-
 ling of the suns kind ray; or else, when night
 sends from the West the drowsy light of morn,
 placed like a pause so sweet 'twixt aguish chill
 and heat, we traversed some thick gloom that
 seemd Love's maze design'd; when only strayd
 those harmles gales, that dance the leaves with
 nicest play, and gentlest whispers seemd in sign
 of welcome. How sweet, my gentle sister, 'twas
 to hear the jolly mirth that fill'd the warbling
 quire, by her so fair inspir'd; when to the
 nightingale's sweet throat, the shade's prime
 songster, she in accordance joynd, it was the
 best of joys the ears capacity coud reach; and P
 in fancy found the All of Rapture. Rare, charm-
 ing voice! but O how rare, breathd by Flostella,
 she so only fair! whose face and body's beauties
 are composd with such according symmetry,
 and such the choice design of Heav'n, she pas-
 seth on the eye as Nature's silent harmony.
 Were ever yet so doubly blest both ear and eye?

Record

Record it, Love, 'twas only now—Each trembling note that died upon the sense, methought, was then embalm'd within so sweet a breath, it flying came, wrapt in a precious air of odours, 'bove Arabian far! If famed Orphean harp could rivers cause to stand at wanton gaze and pause, or beasts and burly trees make dance in antic revelry, her voice might greater magic prove, and make them court her with resistless love. Sometime, my gentle sister, her fair creating hand gave life unto the senseless lute, and then delicious strains did so much sweeten and enrich the air, that with new-warbled language she did shame the great orbe's minstrelsy; Sight, smelling, touch, and taste were then all gone, and left the officious ear with me alone. The list'ning crowd of happy nymphs or swains, that chanced to catch this bliss, seem'd in their eyes to hold a glimpse of twilight life, and more like stones shaped for some monument, so whist and dead a silence reign'd; welcoming such sweet death. O let me thus expire and melt away to dissolution; and Nature this way pay her debt of vapour-breath. Sweet-killing Stella! thus for the soul to stray to heaven, it were, my gentle sister! to have heaven by the way.

Adeiu.

JOHN.

JOHN HARRINGTON *to his Sister, on
FLOSTELLA's Death, 1647.*

YET once more list ! my gentle sister, list !
I that so late did chaunt my story forth to
the kindness of thine ear !—A story that might
claim the prime of glory in the Love-god's
chronicle, and, whilst I told, seem'd fallen in
love again, it was so full of rapture ! now,
now, must sigh—farewell to all my joyes !—A
sullen hour of doom broeds with as horrid sight
as midnights womb ere swell'd with.—Is any
shepherd's ear so deaf to fame, so used to ten-
der bleatings,—that has not heard of fair Flost-
tella's death ! Or any nymph to whom hath
not arriv'd that funeral knell which groan'd this
fair to earth and made all hearts congeal ? If
such—thrice happy ye ! to whom's as yet unselt
distress'd Arcadia's loss, whose best beloved fair
cloysters in the dust. Died she alone ? No,
gentle sister ! Hundreds did seem to die in sor-
row with her. The sun's self did go fast from
her funerals, and night came on to bring her
sables. A crew of goblins seem'd to strike my
sight, with such dire ceremony, and in such
rueful guise, as each did solemnize its own de-
parture. Crownd in mournful cypress we ush-
erd on Death's march. Lo, on her *now* black
bed the *once* fair Stella lay, prepared, as 'twere,
to bridals ; yet by Death's arms embraced.
Make to thy fancy's eye what then did seem
thy brother—The slow-paced *I*—that *I*—the
truest bulk of wretchedness ; o'er whose dim face
such

such mere life damp was cast,—I seemd but ghost to that fair corps before. My torrent eyes bedrenchd their shore, and sighs so utterd out my woe, that I surpassd in grief. The sister-virgins, dark-vaild like dooms day planets, their censers bore, bedeckd with mournful shreds of many a friendly herb to grief; and thus we slowly paced in dire measure, ah, gentle sister, how unwilling! to the sad place where she, fair slumbring nymph, is left to enrich the covetous earth. Ne'er spake Sorrow more than now in silence.—All lookd their utmost, till lost the sight of her with whom all eyes seem buryd, and, blind to upper things, are following her in earth; as if, in spite of death, they still shoud find enjoyment. What tears! what kind adieus! They kisd the place, and, with a lingring look, all sighd—*Earth ne'er was richer gem'd.*

And now, my gentle sister, the world's fond pleasures but torment my soul; they are but the shades of mirth, which cannot wear away the slow-paced hours of consuming grief. Sometimes I tread to Folly's gaudy Court, and see the world in colours that might shame the cheek of Proteus, or the silken train of Flora's nymphs; each sex presents the jolly hour of careless glee, and tramples Sorrow in the rounded dance: The sun confronting iris ne'er spread such various hues. When time-beguiling Pleasure advances with her lustfull trump, and blows the bold alarm, how frisks the sportfull soul, and hugs that syren in her twined arms! Wonder not, gentle sister, that a soul like mine shoud ransack such unwonted ways—The wily fox by night,

night, nor the dull owl by day, have search'd
 such places as myself. Doth not the widow'd
 turtle, lost to the faithful partner of her heart,
 stretch forth her feeble wing from coast to
 coast, in haunt of every path! at last betakes
 her to the lonely bed. So let me progress
 ev'ry place that love or dear affection can con-
 trive,--and then embrace a death for her in whom
 I cease to live. Fear not, my gentle sister, tho'
 danger doth surround me in the false shades of
 these deceitful bowers—I search for mirth, and
 then I wooe the shades of sleep to ease my day
 of griping sorrow with a night's reprieve. Mark
 how the simple sheep, whose rambling steps do
 stray from the safe blessing of her shepherds
 eye, becomes the unprotected prey of night-
 howling wolves; she trisks from bush to brake,
 and wildly flies, even of herself afraid; she
 throwds her troubled brow in every glade, and
 craves its mercy with her tender plaint. May
 not then my wandring soul, that has thus lost
 her *good shepherd*, be thus wilderd, and want
 Flossella's eye to lure her to the paths of virtue?
 Yet fear not, gentle sister, her tongue hath
 wrought such sweet persuasion in my heart, her
 hand unveild such beauty to mine eye, that
 faith shall ne'er renounce one sacred truth, tho'
 she herself shoud come and tell me it were false.
 —Then let me sigh no more—my heart shall
 dance and frolick with you all—I'll tread your
 measures, and beat the foot of joy.—O tyrant
 Love, how doth thy sovereign power subject
 the soul to more than imperial sway! They
 say thy cup's composed of sweet and bitter, of
 honey

honey mixed with gall :—How comes it then to pass these lips of mine still trade in bitter, nor can find a sweet ?—Ye heavenly maids,—ye virgins of the blessed throng, restore my spirits faint and spent, for I am sick of love :—Tuck up your silken laps, and fill ye with the fair wealth of Flora's magazine, the purple violet,—the pale-faced lilly,—the lowly pink, and lofty eglantine ;—the blushing rose, the Queen of Flora's beauty :—Yet, above them all, let Jesse's sovereign flower perfume my qualming breast. Gentle sister, adieu, nor taste the melancholy of Polindor's soul,——

Till Heaven shouts to joy.

Sister, farewell !

Mr.

Mr. CHEEKE to GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester.*

HOWE myserable my things be, whoe neither have wherewith I may provyde for my wif and children, or ells to maintayne my self, it is lyttle neede to wryte unto your Lordship, whoe knoweth the same. There remaineth only my sute, wherein I requyre moste earnestlye of your Lordship, that it wold please you to use that authoritie (by whiche whome you list you can do good to) towards the aide of me that needes it. I heare the Quenes moste noble Highnesse, pitttieng the extreme state of my case, hath referred unto your Lordship to take order in my matters, after what sorte your Lordship listeth. Therefore all lyeth now in your hand, that either of this endles myserie you maye ease me, or ells may cast me into extreame beggerie. You aske by what causes I am leadd to crave of you boldlye anye benefitt. First, for your gentlenesse; next for my myserie; then for the reasonablenesse of my sute. I am an inferiour, am a petitioner to the Highe Chauncelour, and greevousse it must be to me, if your Lordship heare the bills and humble supplications of all maner of outcasts, and myne onlye should be rejected as unliked; or refused as forsaken. Here you aske me for my worthyness: I lay none; I seek it onlye of your gentlenesse. Is it anye great thinge althoughe
your

your Lordship esteeme me onely unworthie? Oh! how fitt vertue is for a Nobleman, a Chauncelour bishopped. All are bound to this maner of pitifullnesse, but chieflie it is requyred of Rulers; here declare your self moste noble, Sir, and how moche the more you can ymagen whie for myne owne sake you should do nought, so moche the more let your vertue be, and suffer your nobled humanitie to overcome the contrarie perswasions. This I assure you of, if anye thing lye in your hart against me, it is felid more of opinion than of cawse; neither can it be proved by anye, that your Lordship, in the greatest throwes of your fortune, was so moche as in worde hyndred by me; althoughe I take not uppon me the whole of vertewe, yet this I maye say trulye of my self (whether it was wrought of judgement, or pittifullnesse of nature) that I have beene merveilouslie sturred at all aduersytie, and in that kynde have proffited some, and hurte none; and therein I have not onely had the uncertayne ends of things my movers, but also Paule my auethour. Let this further me to your Lordship now, and that your Lordship wold greatlye commend, if you heard it of other, reject it not whollie, because it is said of my self.

What greater myserie than this of myne can there be? I am leste bare of all, rightlie I deny not; yet bare am I made, and, in a common cawse, suffer greevouser ponishment than others that weare in the same faulte. Here I envye not other, to whom the Queenes Highnesse was mercifull;

mercifull ; but I crave the same mercye in a lyke cause, not of dewtie, but of grace I seeke it. For my frends knowe, that I was bothe constrained, and laste, in a maner, brought into the snare ; and your Lordship also, perhaps, when you weare an examyner of those matters, perceaved that I was rather a looker on than a plaier, and on no syde coulde be reproved, but for that as was the common faulte of all. But thus yet stand things, nothing is left me nowe. I am in others debt 1200 l. my wif and my children must be maintained. Here your Lordship seethe that I am not in suche case that I seeke worshippe but lyvinge ; if this be not needefull of sute, or if your Lordship's goodnesse helpp not herein, I wot not what greater myserye toward me youe might looke forr. For death trulye cannot be to me so bitter, as this daylye and contynewinge extreamytie of myserye. Now I doubt not but your Lordship seeth I have most reasonable cawses to serve, whoe am forced of so hard a necessitie to be sutour for your goodnesse, from whiche I knowe you cannot withdrawe your good will. If I sought greater, or not necessarie things, there weare some cause to denie me ; I desyre onlye that somewhat may be given to paye others debt, and to maintaine me and myne ; wherein my myserable poore wif hathe of longe tyme been sutour to your Lordship. What needeth moche to your Lordship so wyse and so busyed ? This, in brief, I requyre, that of your goodnesse you wold ease this my myserable estate,

estate, whiche I heare the Queenes Excellent-
cie hath referred to your Lordship. The Lorde
preserve you, and store you dailie with the
worshipping of God and trewe honour.

From P. the kalends of December, 1554.



Mr.

Mr. CHEEKE to Sir JOHN MASON.

MY departing out of my contrey greeveth me not, whoe had as leewe grow aged a broad with experience, as ruste at home with ydlenesse. But the myserye of my wif and children, whoe must needes wantt by my going, and could gayne nothing by my taryeng. My hope is partlye in my wyves sute, whoe shall be more pittied in myne absence, being so bare leste, then shee shoulde be amongst women, if I had taryed; and in your friendship, whoe thinck myself to lack no parents as long as you and my Ladie liveth. I beseeche you, therefore, afore your departure, commend my cawse to such frends as you thinck best, and obtaine that their extreamytie of justice be not wreacked on me, that have not moste deserved it; lett them chuse some other to be their examples, in whome they maye fynde better cawses, and feare more daunger. Lett my nature witnesse my meaninge, and my frends my faultes, wherein, whate successe soever I have, (whiche can not be good in this slacknes of deserved frends and creweltie of undeserved enemyes) I shall thinck and thanck you no lesse then I ought to doe to hym, whose good will is hindred by other mens abilitie, and not by his own slacknesse. If you will have me to do any thing for you in theise quarters, or in any parte where I journeye, send me word, I pray
 3 you,

you, and you shall fynde nether my redinesse
nor my good will wanting. And thus, with
my commendations to you and my Mistress, I
betake you to the lyving Lorde, whoe alwaye
governe you.

From C. the 4th of Aprill, 1554.



Mr.

Mr. CHEEKE to the Lord PAGETT.

I AM ashamed to desyre moche of your Lordshipp, whom I ought to thanck more, and yet am compelled to do bothe; the one for your frendshipp shewed me in theise tornes of fortune; the other for the contynewance of the same to my wife and children in myne absence. I am gone abroad to seeke some stay of lyving, whiche I rather loose then fynd in England. And hope, (althoughe I being moche in displeasure can obtaine nothing for my self) yet there will some just respect be hadd of my wife and children, whoe neither are worthie to be ponished, having not offendid; nor unworthie to be done fore, that live justlye in the realme; wherein, as I know your Lordshipp can do moche, so I trust your Lordshipp will do what you can, having no cause to favour me but of your own gentlenesse, and yet a league of frendshipp to favour Master M. familie. I beseeche your Lordshipp therfore, althoughe no mans frendshipp can do me anye great good in this state of things, as it plainlye appeareth, yet that examples be not shewed on my wife and children, being ordred in a common faulte as no man is besydes me. And, althoughe I am a refuse now and an outcast of all men, yet I trust not to fynde all worldes and places so hard unto me, that I shall not once be able to be myndfull of my friends benefitts. And as I have learned to doubt of prosperitie, because it will not alwaies stand; so have I hope of adversytie,

H

that

that it is not infinite. And of all treasure that honour bringeth, and adversytie toucheth not, the greatest and surest is (my Lord, I have felt it well) to know how manye of right be bownde to do for one, if throwse of adversytie overturne his state; which thing, if youe labour in as your honour servith, thinck you geat therbye the frewe of honour, and shall in adversytie, if anye do betyde you, bynde men without sute to be suters for you, or ells, not without shame, to be indifferent. Of this vertew I praye you lett me be partaker, whoe, in your trouble, bare you suche good will as I may of dutie crave some againe now; and desyre this moche, that your Lordshipp will of gentlenes, at mye poore request, helpp my wyf in her sutes, as far as reason and convenientie shall favour her cause, beinge leste in debte 1200 l. and more, being voide of all living to helpp her and hers, having the lack of her husband for the extremitie of fortune, and in worffe case in lack of me than in losse of me. Theise great myseries I beseeche your Lordshipp with your frendshipp relieve, and, though you cannot utterlye ease all, yet helpe to minishe the greatnesse of severitie, untollerable to the troubled, when all lyving is taken, and nothing is leste but lyfe. Your Lordship shall bynde me herebye to beare you suche good mynde as your contynewall frendshipp dothe justlye deserve. And thus, with mine humble commendations to your Lordshipp and my Ladye, I committ you to the government of the everlyvinge Lorde. From C. the 14th of April, 1554.

Mr.

Mr. CHEEKE to JOHN HARINGTON, Esq;

I COULD not take my leave of you at my departure, and geve you suche thanckes as your frendshipp in myne aduersytie deserved; and therefore I coulde no lesse then, at my going out of the Englishe pale, do that absent by letters, whiche I wolde have done present, and offer my self and my good will to be yours during my lief. You say it is nothing. It is not in deede; a man without havour, and a will without habilitie, yet is it all I have, and therefore the greatest thing I can geve you; not worthie your frendshipp, but not unfitt for my offer. I pray you, therefore, take me as a man myndfull of your desert, and readdye to wishe you suche contynewance in honour, as your wisdom and frendshipp is worthie of. My desyre is of the same continewance of good will towards me that you have hetherto borne me; whiche you shall fynde me as worthie, I trust, of, and as needeful as afore. This you shall shewe it moste to me, if you will pittie and helpp my wifes poor estate, being miserable of it self, if your frendshipp helpp not her extreamitie. I am gone to seeke for my self, I have leste my children and her to her self and her sute, whose relief is onlye in the Queenes goodnesse and your frendshipp; herein as occasion serveth you, if you helpp a pittifull woman overladen almoste with the greatnesse and deversitie of miseries, you shall do worthie your accustomed and known frendshipp; you shall bynde me bothe at home

and abroad to beare you that good will that your
 contynewal good mynde toward me hath al-
 waye deserved. Yf there be any thing in theise
 coastes which I passe throughe, that I may stand
 you in any steede, I pray you commaunde me
 as your owne. The living God kepe you in
 his feare, and increase you in honour and god-
 lynesse. Fare you well.

From Calais, the 4th of April, 1554.



Mr. CHEEKE to Queene MARY.

WHEREAS it hath pleased your Highness to extend your gracious mercie towards me, and somethinge to mitigate the severitie whearwith justice of lawe might grievously have burdened me; although I might many waies extenuate my faulte towards your Highnes, thoughte not absolutlie by it selfe, yet in compairing my doings with other mens, and shewing my minde far from the farventnes that other had in this cause: Yet, because the greater my faulte is, the greater is your Highness mercie shewed on me, I will not abase my faulte, lest I sholde thereby diminishe your Highnes goodnes bestowed on me; which, as it is most notable of all God Almightyes vertues, soe it is moste comendable in theme, who, in authoritie on earth, have the office and name of Goddes. My humble request is, that as it hath pleased your Highnes mercifullie to grante me my life, and justlie to call into your handes the libertie of my bodie, landes, and offices, given unto me by your most noble brother, King Edward the Sixt, your Highnes would have some pitye on me, my wyfe, and children, and graunte me somethinge as it shall seeme convenient to your Highnes, to leade owt that lyfe, which your Majestie hath graunted me to enjoye. The Kings Majestie, your father, gave me by grante, afore his deathe, of Rufford, to the valewe of fiftie pounce a yeare, which was conferred unto me after in our late

Soveraignes time, King Edward the Sixt, unto whome alsoe I resigned above 200 l. a year in fees, for those landes which his Majestie, for my litle abilitie to serve hime, did bestowe on me, the particulars whearof I declared to your Majesties Commissioners. If therefore, in consideration of King Henry th' Eight your most noble fathers guifte unto me, and for my longe and painfull service unto the most noble King, your brother, and for those fees during lief which I resigned when I received the Kings beneficiall graunts made and geven to me; and especiallie of your gracious mercifulnes, whearof the hole number of fauters hathe liberallie and beneficiall felte, your Highnes wolde likewise pitie me and myne, and ad to my lief sum livinge and libertie to maintaine my lief. I trust your Highnes shall thincke this your beneficiallnes bestowed on a poore and faithfull subject to your Highnes; whose will not faile, as long as God shall lende me lief, to use all kynde of a subjects dewtie unto your Highnes, as muche as nature, diligence, and faithfulness be able to lead me.

Mr.

Mr. CHEEKE to my Lord PAGETT.

I WOLDE I colde with wordes make your Lordshipp feelee my wante combred with other aduersities, but no wordes can worke it in your Lordshipp, that hathe not felt the like. I wolde be sorie fortune shold ever have so throwne youe to feelee extremitie, and my desier is, your Lordshipp wolde rather helpe then feelee it, seeing your feelinge shold onlie be to help; yet methinke sicknes whearewith your Lordshipp hath oftentimes bene arrased, and my wife is heuillie towched withall at this present, maie shadowe my euell unto you; all time seemethe longe and painefull to the sick, yf they have not that which they presentlye call for, although in deed it cannot be so sone made readie as they looke for; they thincke themselves euell kepte, not diligentlie looked unto, and appear somethinge froward until they have that which they call for: This no man imputeth to the nature of the sicke, but of the sicknes; everie lacke maketh theme beleeve they be dispised, namlye, yf they iudge not suche speed made, as in fancie they iudge maie be used. Yf any of theise wants be in me, I beseeche your Lordshipp appoint them to my extreme state, more greevous then disease; more unquiet then pryson; more troblesome to me then a painfull deathe. Ye aske me whie? When I looke of other that hang holie of me, that looke to be fedd, clothed, brought up, what minde have I? When I loke on my wife,

sick in bodie, tormented in minde, and cannot helpe with remedie that is diseased with paine, had I not as leue be greivousslie sick as miserable needie? The earnestest my mind is hearin, the more I praie youe thinke the cause is, that straineth me unwillinglie to be thus desirous of some good ende. I write this to your Lordshipp, who, I trust, in authoritie maie, and in frendshipp will helpe, not onlie to do me good, but alsoe to speed it, with such praise as ye have gayned in doinge liberallie for others, and such safetie as free and liberal doings doth gard you, and binde other honest men in all tornes of times constantlie to be yours. Thus, trustinge your Lordshipp will frendlie remembre my undone state, I commend my selffe to your Lordshipp, and you, my Lord, and yours t' Almightye God.

From Stooke, the 23d of December, 1553.

ASCHAM'S

ASCHAM's Letter to his Wife MARGARET,
concerning the Death of her new-born
Child.

MINE owne good Margaret, the more I
thinck uppon oure sweete babe (as I do
manye tymes bothe daye and night) the great-
er cawse I alwayes fynde of gevinge thanckes
contynuallie to God for his singuler goodnes
bestowed at this tyme uppon the chyelde, youe,
and me; even because it hath the rather pleased
hym to take the chield to hym self into heaven;
then to leave it here with us still in earthe.
When I mused on the matter, as nature, fleshe,
and fatherlye fantasies did cary me, I fownde
nothinge but sorowes and care, whiche verie
moche did vexe and trouble me. But, at the
laste, forsaking theise worldlye thoughts, and
referring me wholye to the will and order of
God in the matter, I fownd suche a chaunge;
suche a cause of joye; suche a plentie of Gods
grace toward the chield, and of his goodnes to-
ward you and me, as neither my harte can
comprehend all, nor yet my tongue expresse the
twentieth parte thereof. Neverthelesse, because
God and good will hath so joyned you and me
together, as we must be not onlye th' one
comforte to th' other in sorowe, but also full
partakers together in any joye: I could not
but declare unto you what just cause I thinck
bothe we two have of comforte, gladnesse, and
joye,

joye, that God hathe so graciouſlye dealt with us as he hathe. Mye firſt ſteppe from care to comforte was this : I thought God had done his will with our chield, and becauſe God, of his goodnes, knoweth what is beſt, and by his goodnes ever will do beſt, I was by and by fullie perſwaded the beſt that can be done is done with our chielde. But, ſeing Gods wiſdome is unſarcheable with any mans hartt, and Gods goodnes unſpeakeable with any mans tongue, I will come downe from ſoche high thoughts, and talke more ſenſyblie with you, and laye before youe ſuche matter, as maye be bothe a full comforte of all our cares paſt, and alſo a juſt cauſe of rejoyſing as long as we live. You well remember our contynuall deſyre and wiſhe, and our nightlye prayer to geather, that God would vouchſafe, by us, to encrease the number of this worlde ; we wiſhed that nature ſhould beautifullie performe her worke by us ; We did talke howe to bring upp our chield in learning and vertue ; we had care to provyde for it, ſo as honeſt fortune ſhould favour and follow it. And ſee, ſweete Margaret, how mercifullie God hath dealt with us in all theiſe points : For, what wiſhe could deſyre, what prayer coulde crave, what nature could performe, what vertue coulde deſerve, what fortune could offer, we have receaved, and our chield dothe enjoye alreadye. And becauſe our deſyre (thancked be God) was alwaye joyned with honeſtie, and our prayers mingled with feare, and applyant alwaies to the will and pleaſure of God, God hath

hath given us more than we wished, and that which is better for us now, than we could hope or thinck upon then. But ye desyre to heare and knowe how? Marrie even thus: We desyred to be made vessels to increase the worlde, and it hath pleased God to make us vessels to increase heaven, which is the greatest honour to man, the greatest joye to heaven, the greatest spite to the devell, the greatest sorow to hell, that anye man can imagine. Secondarilie, When nature had performed that she coulede, Grace stepped forthe, and toke our childe from nature, and gave it suche giftes over and above the power of nature, as, wheare it could not creape in earthe by nature, it was made straight waye well able to goe to heaven by grace; it could not then speake by nature, and nowe it dothe praise God by grace; and yet thancked bee nature that she hath done all that she coulede doe; and blessed bee grace that hathe done moche better then we coulede wishe she shoulde do. Peradventure yet you do wishe, that nature had kept it from sicknes, and had preserved it from death a litle longer; yea, but grace hathe caried it wheare nowe no sicknes can follow it, nor anye deathe hereafter medle with it, and, in steede of a short lief with long troubles in earth, it doth now live a lief which shall never have end, with all inard joye in heaven. And now, Margaret, go too; I pray you tell me, and tell me as you thinck: Do you love your sweete babe so litle, do you envie his happie state so moche, yea once to wishe, that nature shoulde

H. 6.

rather

rather have followed your pleasure, in keeping your childe in this myserable worlde, then grace shoulde have purchased suche profit for your chielde, in bringing hym to such felicitie in heaven? Thirdlye, You maye say unto me, yet, if the childe had lived in this worlde, it might have growen to suche goodness by grace and vertue, as might have tourned to great comfort to us, to good service to our contrey, and afterward to have deserved as high a place in heaven as it dothe now. Sweete Margaret, you say trothe, and I belive also it should so have done; but, when I consyder the daungerous passage throughe this worlde, the slipperie waye that youthe hath to walke in; when I see, by experience, howe many children, by their frowardnes, be rather a care than a comfort to their parents, and howe that nomber is fewest that groweth to moste goodnes; I quyet my self with Gods doing and pleasure, whoe hath geven to our chielde alreadye the sure and certaine rewarde of vertue, and hath not left hym to the daunger of losse of suche benefitts. And yet see how merveilouslye God hath wrought the matter. In holliie Scripture, the lief of man is commonly lykened to two things: In one place it is called a continuall warfare uppon earth; in another place it is called a ronninge for the best game. Nowe what dangerouse enemyes doth mans lief fighte withall? Even the devell, the worlde, and the fleshe. O Lord! how few overcome all theise three! How manye fight faintlye, how many fight not at all, yea, how many will fullie forsake

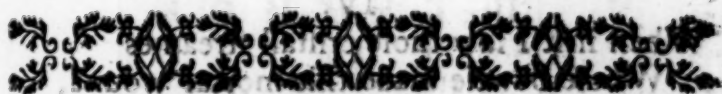
sake the banner of God, and with might follow the devell, the worlde, and the fleshe! It is fearfull, Margaret, to heare of this battaile, but more fearfull to enter into it, and therefore moste joyfull to be delyvered from it. Agayne all must ronne that purpose to wyne the game. Yet how slowe be we to ronne, manye scarce willing to goe, more readye to sit downe and not sturr, and moste turninge a quyte contrarie waye bothe from God and his calling. But howe hath God dealt with our chield for this daungerous battell, and this slipperie waye, even so as I cannot tell wheather his wisdome is more mervailous, or his goodnes more mercifull, and wheather you and I are more bounde to prayse hym for his wisdome, or all wayes to thanck hym for his goodnes? For he hath geven our chield the victorie withoute fighting, and the garland without ronning; he hath geven unto hym the rewarde of vertue, before he could either doe or thinck uppon vertue, and therefore, Margaret, ought we two justlye to saye, Thie goodnes, O Lord, is parciall toward our chield and us, and therefore let us also willingly confesse and thanckfully prayse God with David: Blessid be thou for ever and ever, O mercifull God, whoe hath not dealt thus with all nations and people. Fourthlye and lastlye, seing grace hath purchased more by his death, then nature could have promysed by his lief; seing mercye hath freelye soe rewarded hym in heaven, as no vertue of it self can deserve in earth: surely, Margaret, we might bewaile the want of fortune,

time, the last point in order I had to take upon.
 For, if we understand good fortune, as
 men do understand it: The best waye it is to
 growe greate in this worlde by honestie and
 good order, i Yet the state of it in this worlde
 is so unstable, as no man of wisdom hath ever
 trusted to * * * * *

The Conclusion of this Letter is wanting in the MS.



SONNETS.



SONNETS.

JOHN HARRINGTON, Esq.

and SOME OTHERS, 1547.

SONNET I.

As oft as I beholde and see
The sov'raigne bewtie that me bownd;
The neare my comfort is to me,
Alas! the fresher is my wound.

II.

As flambe dothe quenche by rage of fyre,
And ronninge streames consume by rayne;
So doth the sight that I desyre
Appease my greif and deadly payne.

III.

Lyke as the flye that seeth the flame,
And thincks to play her in the fyre;
That fownd her woe, and sought her game,
Whose greif did growe by her desyre.

When

IV.

When first I saw those cristall streames
 Whose bewtie made this mortal wound,
 I lytle thought, within those beames,
 So sweete a venome to have fownde.

V.

Wherein is hidd the crewell bitt
 Whose sharpp repulse none can resist,
 And eke the spurr that straynes eache witt
 To ronne the race against his list.

VI.

But wilfull will did prick me forthe,
 Blynde Cupide did me whippe and guyde;
 Force made me take my greif in worthe,
 My fruitlesse hope my harme did hyde.

VII.

I fall, and see myne owne decaye,
 As he, that beares flambe in his brest,
 Forgeats, for payne, to cast away
 The thing that breadeth his unrest.

VIII.

And, as the spyder drawes her lynne,
 With labour lost I frame my sute;
 The fault is hers, the losse is myne,
 Of yll sowne seede suche is the frute.

SONNET

S O N N E T II.

I.

W H E N youth had ledd me half the race
That Cupids scourdge did make me
ronne,

I looked backe to mete the place,
From whence my weary course begonne,

II.

And then I saw how my desyre
By guying ill had lett my way,
Whose eyes, too greedie of their hyre,
Had lost me manye a noble praye.

III.

For when in fight I spent the day,
And could not clooke my greif by game;
The boyling smoke did still bewray
The fervent rage of hidden flame.

IV.

And when salt teares did bayne my brest
Where Love his pleasaunte traynes had
sowne;
The brewt therof the frewt opprest,
Or that the bloomes weare sprung and blowne.

V.

And, where myne eyes did still pursue
The flyeng chace that was their quest,
Their greedie lookes did ofte renew
The hydden wound within my brest.

When

VI.

When everye looke theise cheekes might stayne
 From deadlye pale to flaminge redd;
 By outward signes appeared playne
 The woe whearwith my heart was fedd.

VII.

But all to late Love learneth me
 To paynt all kinde of colours newe;
 To blynde their eyes that ells should see
 My sparkled cheeks with Cupids hew.

VIII.

And now the covert brest I clayme,
 That worships Cupid secreatlye,
 And nourisheth his sacred flame,
 From whence no blasfing sparks do flye.

SONNET

SONNET III.

By JOHN HARINGTON, 1543, *for a Ladie
moebe in Love.*

I.

O Happie dames ! that may embrace
The frewte of your delight,
Helpp to bewayle the wofull case,
And eke the heaue plight
Of me that wonted to rejoyce
The fortune of my pleasaunt choyce;
Good Ladies helpp to fill my mourning voyce.

II.

In a shipp fraught with remembraunce
Of wordes and pleasures past,
He sayles that hath in governaunce
My lyf, whyle it will last:
With skalding sighes for lack of gaile,
Furthering his hope, that is, his faile,
Towarde me the sweete porte of his auaile.

III.

Alas ! how oft, in dreames, I see
Those eyes that were my foode;
Whiche somtyme so rejoyced me,
That yet they do me good :
Whearwith I wake with his retourne,
Whose absente flambe did make me bourne,
But when I fynde the lack, Lord ! how I mourne.

IV.

When other lovers in armes acrosse
Rejoyce their chief delight,

Drowned

Drowned in teares to mourne my losse,
 I stand the bitter night
 In my windowe, wheare I may se
 Before the wyndes how the cloudes flye,
 Lo! what a maryner Love hath made me.

V.

And in green waves, when the salt floodd
 Dothe ryse by rage of wynde;
 A thousand fancyes in that moode
 Assayles my restlesse mynde.
 Now feare I drenchith my sweete foe,
 That with spoyle of my hert did goe,
 And leste me, but, alas! whye did he so?

VI.

And when the seas wexe calme agayne
 To chace from me anoye;
 My doubtful hope dothe cause me playne,
 So dread cutts of my joye.
 Thus ys my wealth myngled with woe,
 And of each thought a doubt doth groe,
 Now he comes, Will he come? Alas! no, no.

SONNET

SONNET IV.

SO crewell pryson how could betyde alas !
 As prowd Wyndfour, wheare I, in lust
 and joye,
 With a Kings sonne, my childishe yeares did
 passe,
 In greater feast then Pryams sonnes of Troye.
 Wheare eache sweete place retournes a taste
 full sowre,
 The lardge greene courts wheare we were
 wont to hove,
 With eyes cast upp unto the maiden towre,
 And easye sighes, such as folke draw in love.
 The statelye sales, the ladies bright of hewe,
 The dawnces short, longtales of great delight;
 With wordes and lookes that tygers could but
 rew,
 Wheare eache of us did pleade the others right.
 The palme playe, wheare, dispoyled for the game,
 With dazled eyes, ofte we, by gleames of
 love,
 Have myst the ball, and gote sight of our dame,
 To bayte her eyes which kepte the leades
 above.
 The graveld grownd, with sleeves tyed on the
 helme,
 On fomyng horlle with swordes and frendlye
 harts;
 With cheare as though the one should over-
 whelme,
 Wheare we have fought and chafed oft withe
 dartes.

With

With silver dropps the maydes yet spred for
rewthe,

In actyve games of nymbleness and strength;
Where we did strayne, trayned by swarmes of
youth,

Our tender lymbs that yet shot upp in lengthe.
The secret groves whiche ofte we made re-
fownde

Of pleasaunt playnt, and of our Ladies prayes,
Recording softe, what grace eache one had
fownd;

What hope of speede, what dredd of long
delays;

The wyld forest, the clothed holts with greene,
Wyth raynes avalde, and swifte ybreathed
horfle,

With crye of hownds, and merrye blasts be-
tweene,

Where we did chace the fearefull hartt of
force.

The voyd walls eke that harbourd us eachenight,
Whearwith, alas! revive within my brest

The sweete accorde such sleapes as yet delight;

The pleasaunt dreames, the quyete bedd of rest:

The secret thoughts, imparted with suche trust,

The wanton talke, the dyvers chaunge of play;

The frendshipp sworne, each promesse kept so
just,

Whearwith we past the wynter nights away.
And with this thought the blood forsakes my
face,

The teares berayne my cheekes of deadlye
hewe;

The whiche, as sone as sobbing sighes, alas !

Upsupped have, thus I my playnt renewe.

O place of blysse, renewer of my woes !

Geve me accompt wheare is my noble feare ?

Whome in thie walls thou didst eache night en-
close

To other lief, but unto me moſte deare ?

Each wall, alas ! that doth my sorow rewe,

Retournes therto a hollow sounnd of playnt ;

Thus I alone, wheare all my freedome grew,

In pryſon pyne, with bondage and reſtraynt :

And, with remembraunce of the gretter greif,

To banyſhe thence I fynd my chief relief.



SONNET

S O N N E T V.

Pace non trono.

I FYNDE no peace and all my warr is done,
 I feare and hope, I bourne and freefe lyke
 yfe;

I flye above the wynde, yet cannot ryse;
 And nought I have, yet all the worlde's season,
 That loofeth, nor lacketh, holdes me in pryson,
 And holdes me not, yet can I escape no wyfe,
 Nor lets me leewe, nor die at my devyce,
 And yet of death it giveth none occasion.
 Without eye I see, and without tongue I playne;
 I desyre to perishe, yet aske I health;
 I love another, and yet I hate my self,
 I feede in sorow and laughe in all my payne,
 Lykewyse pleaseth me both death and lyf,
 And my delight is cawser of my greif.

S O N N E T VI.

Fiamma dal ciel.

V Engeaunce must fall on thee, thow filthie
 whore

Of Babilon, thow breaker of Christs fold,
 That from achorns, and from the water colde,
 Art riche become with making many poore.
 Thow treasons neste that in thie hart dost holde
 Of cankard malice and of myschief more,
 Then

Than pen can wryte, or may with tongue be
tolde,

Slave to delights that chastitie hath solde;
For wyne and ease which settith all thie store
Uppon whoredome and on none other lore.

In thye pallais of strompetts yonge and olde

Theare walks Plentie, and Belzabub thye
Lorde;

Guydes thee and them and doth thy raigne up-
holde :

It is but late, as wryting will recorde,
That poore thow weart withouten land or
goolde;

Yet now hath golde and pryde, by one accorde,
In wickednesse so spreadd thie lyf abroad,
That it dothe stincke before the face of God.

S O N N E T VII.

Fontana di Dolor.

SPring of all woe, O den of curssed ire,
Schoole of errour, temple of heresye;

Thow Pope, I meane, head of hypocrasye,

Thou and thie church, unfaciat of desyre,

Have all the world filld full of myserye;

Well of disceate, thow dungeon full of fyre,

That hydes all truthe to breed idolatrie.

Thow wicked wretche, Christe can not be a lyer,

Behold, therefore, thie judgment hastelye;

Thye first fownder was gentill povertie,

But there against is all thow dost requyre.

I

Thow

Thow shamelesse beaste, where hast thou put
thie trust,

In thie whoredome, or in thy riche attyre?
Loe! Constantyne, that is turned into dust,

Shall not retourne for to mayntayne thie lust;

But now his heires, that might not sett thee
higher,

For thie greate pryde shall teare thye seate a
sonder,

And scourdge thee so that all the world shall
wonder.

SONNET VIII.

PLAYNE ye, myne eyes, accompanye my
hart,

For, by your fault, lo, here is death at hand!

Ye brought hym first into this bitter band,

And of his harme as yett ye felt no part;

But now ye shall: Lo! here beginnes your smart.

Wett shall you be, ye shall it not withstand

With weeping reares that shall make dymm
your sight,

And mystie clowdes shall hang still in your
light.

Blame but yourselves that kyndlyd have this
brand,

With suche desyre to strayne that past your
might;

But, since by you the hart hath caught his
harme,

His flamed heat shall somtyme make you warme.

SONNET

SONNET IX.

I SEE my playnt with open eares
 Is heard, alas ! and lawghinge eyes ;
 I see that scorne beholdes my teares,
 And all the harme happ can devyse.
 I see my lyf awaye so weares,
 That I myself myself despyse ;
 And moſte of all whearewith I ſtryve
 Is that I ſee my ſelf alyve.

SONNET X.

THE wandring gadling in the ſommer tyde,
 That fyndes the adder with his reſtleſſe
 foote,
 Sterts not, diſmayde ſo ſoddenlye aſyde,
 As did jelouſye, though there were no boote.
 When that he ſaw me ſytting by her ſyde
 That of my health is verye cropp and roote,
 It pleaſed me to have ſo faire a grace
 To ſtinge the wighte that wolde have had my
 place.

SONNET XL.

A FACE that ſholde content me wond'rous
 well,
 Sholde not be faire but lovelye to beholde,
 I 2 With

With gladsome cheere all greif for to expell,
 With sobre lookes so wolde I that it sholde
 Speake, withoute wordes, fuche wordes as none
 can tell :

The tresse also sholde be of chrisped goolde,
 With witt; and thus might chaunce I might
 betyde,

And knytt agayne the knott that sholde not flyde.

S O N N E T XII.

LUCKE, my faire fawlcon, and your fellows all,

How well pleasaunt it weare your libertie;
 Ye not forsake me that faire might ye befall,

But they, that somtyme lyekt my companie,
 Lyke lyce awaye from dead boddies crall,

Lo, what a profe in light aduersitie!
 But ye, my birdes, I sweare by all your bells,
 Ye be my frendes, and so be but few ellse.

S O N N E T XIII.

IAM not deade, althoughe I had a fall,
 The sonne retournes that was hydd under
 clowde;

And, when fortune hath spitt owt all her gall,
 I trust good luck shall be to me allowdd.

For I have sene a shipp into the haven fall,
 When storme hathe broke bothe mast and
 also shrowde,

And eke the willow that stowpith with the wynde
 Doth ryse agayne, and greater wood doth bynde.

S O N N E T

S O N N E T XIV.

VEnemous thornes that be bothe sharpp
and keene,
Beare somtymes flowres faire and freshe of
hew;

And poyson ofte is put in medicyne,
And cawseth healthe, in man, for to renew :
The fyre, eke, that all consumeth cleene,
May helpp and hurt, and, yf that this be trew;
I trust somtyme my harm may be my health,
Synce everye woe is joyned with some wealth.

S O N N E T XV.

CEASER, when that the traitour of Egipte
With th'onorable head did him present,
Covering his gladnes, did represent
Plainte with his teares outward as it is wrytt.
And Hannibal, eke, when Fortune him shitt
Cleane from his raigne, and from all his intent,
Laught to his folke whom sorrow did tor-
ment,

His crewel dispight for to disgorge and quyt.
So chaunceth it ofte that everye passion
The mynde hydeth by colour contrarye,
With fayned uysage, nowe sad, nowe merrie;
Whearby if I laught anye tyme or season,
Yt is for because I have none other waye
To cloke my care but under sporte and play e

S O N N E T XVI.

JOHN HARINGTON *to sweete ISABEL*
MARKHAM.

MArvaylous be thie matcheles gyftes of
mynde,
And, for thie shape, Ewrithniarightlie growen;
Reckles of prayse, a prayse rare in thie kynde,
Great in desert, small in desyre well known:
A mansion meete, where Chastitie doth dwell,
Rype in all good, of evell the seede unsowen;
Endued with thewse that do the rest excell,
Temp'raunce hath wonne and constancye
doth holde;
Wisdome hath taughte that myldnes mastreth
might.
I am unskild the reste howe to unfold.
Let envious eyes deeme that by exact fight
Of bewtie, hewe, and partes of pryce untolde;
But yet I reede thye looke with reverent care:
Eache wighte is wise that, warned, can beware.

S O N N E T XVII.

JOHN HARINGTON *to his Mother*, 1540.

TH E R E was a battaill fought of late,
Yet was the slaughter small;
The strife was, whether I shulde wright,
Or send nothing at all.

OF

Of one fyde were the Captaynes names
 Short Tyme and Lytle Skill;
 One fought alone agaynst them bothe,
 Whose name was Great Good-will.
 Short Tyme enforst me in a straite,
 And bad me holde my hand;
 Small Skill also withstoode desyre,
 My wryting to withstand.
 But Great Good-will, in shew though small,
 To wright encourag'de me,
 And to the battaile helde on still,
 No common thinge to see.
 Thus gan theise busye warriours three
 Betwene themselves to fight
 As valiauntlye as though they had
 Bene of much greater might.
 Till Fortune, that unconstant dame,
 Which rules soche things allwaye,
 Did cause the weaker parte in fight
 To bear the greater fwaye:
 And then the victour caused me,
 However was my skill,
 To wright theise vearses unto you,
 To shew my great good-will.

*Letter from Mr. HYDE, afterwards Earl of
CLARENDON, to the Lord POULETT,
1660.*

My Lord,

WE, having received such information as respecteth the former proceedings of many rebellious families in your county of Somerset, do humbly desire your Lordships immediate compliance with his Majesties commands of giving us a true account to our office of all such as may have been employed in the late troubles, by commission civil or military, under the Usurper, or the other kind of imposed rebellious *Authority* as then called. Among some others, information is delivered of John Harington, son to the late Member for the city of Bathe, bearing arms by virtue of commission from the Usurper in 1655, whose father was Commissioner of the Parliament to the late King at Carisbrooke castle, and a staunch member of that party, with several more of that name. His present Majesties good intentions toward all who have not signalited themselves by any notorious deeds of rebellion need not be doubted, as will more amply appear by some Act of Indemnity; but examples, in justice to his royal blood and family, as well as to an injured nation, are required. Such intelligence as may tend to our better and further informing his Majesty, will be an acceptable act of your Lordships to the King, and your employment does the farther warrant such expectations from you. The office I bear, and duty I owe, more
parti-

particularly demand my insisting on your compliance to the satisfaction of the King, and, not doubting your confidence and obedience to such his demands, shall expect due account in all expedition, to regulate the Act of Indemnity to good effect; which will also include the Declaration at Breda.

I am

Your Lordship's servant

at command,

E. HYDE.

The Lord POULETT's Answer to Mr. HYDE.

S I R,

MY confidence of the zeal of our county of Somerset, during the general disturbance, for the late Kings service, will not bear to hear so heavy accusation against us as to demand a strict inquiry into our former conduct; and shall not be deficient in giving such information as will afford you satisfaction, and do us no small honour. I have submitted your letter to Mr. Harington; whatever his fathers principles led him to, his son is no object of wrath for his Majesties displeasure. The inclosed certificate will yield you true account of his and our duty and sufferings. He did bear commission from Oliver Cromwel, but at our request, to protect us from ruin and plunder. His own honesty did make him about to refuse acting, but we dreaded the consequences to ourselves and families. His compliance renderd him exposed to loss of friends and relations in battle, and loss of fortune in many acts of goodness. This county is under great obligations to this Gentleman, and our duty obliges us to render him our best services to protect him from his Majesties displeasure. The Kings cause was no sufferer in this matter; and such a singular and nice circumstance as fighting against conscience, and yet for conscience sake, does give Mr. H. great title to pardon, nay rather thanks and rewards. We who subscribe this are ready to submit to any pains or penalties for this mans sake, whose honourable

ble family and descent, as well as his own good name and character in our county, claim our best acknowledgments. Pray, Sir, let these reasons urge your endeavours to spare his family, and interceed for Mr. H——s free pardon, which will confirm the duty of all the poor sufferers of this county of Somerset to his Majesties best services, on all occasions. In hopes whereof,

I remain

Your servant to command,

POULETT.

P. S. The city of Bathe was much protected and preserved by Mr. Harington's accepting Oliver's commission, which else had been exposed to plunder and ruin, which he totally prevented by his good endeavours and friends, to his great loss and injury, as the Earl of Marlborough *, his father-in-law, can testify to the Council.

* Son of the Lord Treasurer to Charles I.

*The County of Somerset to Those of his
Majesties Council, or others, in respect
of the hard Case of JOHN HARINGTON,
Esq;*

THESE are to certify all whom it may concern, that whereas John Harington, of Kelston, in the county of Somerset, Esq; did receive a commission for a countie troope of horse from Oliver Cromwel, (then called Protector) he the said John Harington did refuse to act thereby, and woud have returnd the said commission, but that we (with divers others) whose names are subscribed, did earnestlie intreate him to accept of the said charge; thereby to secure us from such spoyle and ruine which otherwise we feared and had certainlie undergone, had not he undertaken the said employment, which he most faithfullie and carefullie performed for us; even with his own hazard amongst others of other principles joyned with him; and to his own very great expence and cost; discharging and relieving, with money and necessaries, divers who had otherwise layne long in restraints; and hathe since shewed himselfe moste readie and affectionate to his Majesties presente service. In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands, this four-and-twentieth day of May, in the year of our Lord God 1660.

Poulett
Marleburgh

Thos. Bridges
Geor. Norton

John

John Pearce
Christopher Dilton
Jo. Newton
Maurice Berkeley
Will. Basset
Ed. Phelipps
Geo. Clark
Geo. Speke
John Bampfild
Sam. Horner

Thomas Hall
Will. Hall
Hen. Nevil
John Graham
Sam. Gorges
Hugh Smith
Will. Helyar
George Sydenham
Thos. Pigott.
A. Paulett.

From the original Manuscripts.

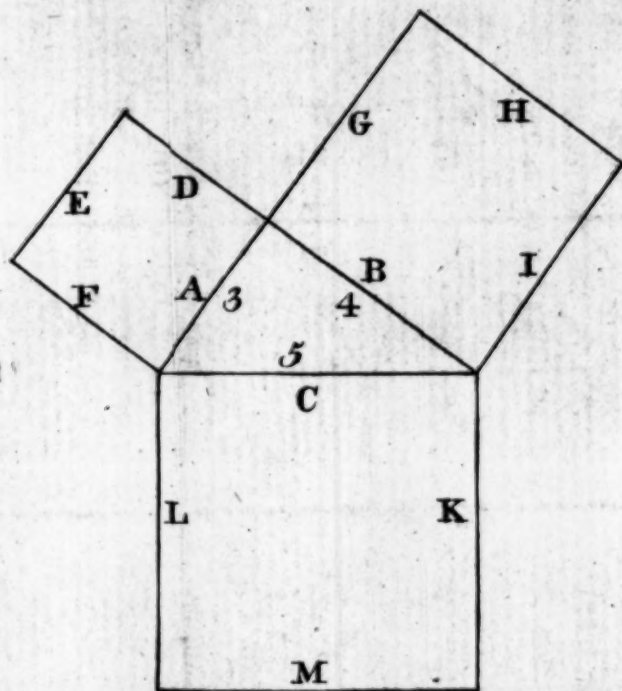
A Letter

*A Letter from JOHN HARINGTON to Mr.
NEWTON, afterwards Sir ISAAC; with
a Scheme of the Harmonic Ratios.*

S I R,

AT your request I have sent you my scheme of the Harmonick Ratios adapted to the Pythagorean proposition, which seems better to express the modern improvements, as the ancients were not acquainted with the sesquialteral divisions, which appears strange. Ptolemy's Helicon does not express these intervals so essential in the modern system; nor does the scheme of four triangles, or three, express so clearly as the squares of this proposition. What I was mentioning concerning the similitude of ratios, as constituted in the sacred architecture, was my amusement at my leisure hours, but am not master enough to say much on these curious subjects. The given ratios in the dimensions of Noahs ark, being 300, 50, and 30, do certainly fall in with what I observed; the reduction to their lowest terms comes out 6 to 1, which produces the quadruple sexquialteral ratio; and 5 to 3 is the inverse of 6 to 5, which is one of the ratios resulting from the division of the sexquialteral ratio; the extremes are as 10 to 1, which produce by reduction 5 to 4, the other ratio produced by the division of the sexquialteral ratio. Thus are produced the four prime harmonical ratios, exclusive of the diapason, or duple ratio. I have conjectured that the other

*A Scheme of all the Harmonical Intervals
demonstrated from the Golden Proposition of Pythagoras. Euclid 47*



DEMONSTRATION

$$\begin{array}{ll}
 \text{KLMCC} : \text{KLMCB} = 25 : 24 \quad b \ 2^d & \text{BA} : \text{CM} = 7 : 10 \quad b \ 5^{\text{th}} \\
 \text{CML} : \text{IBGH} = 15 : 16 \quad b \ 2^d & \text{B} : \text{AD} = 4 : 6 \quad 5^{\text{th}} \\
 \text{CB} : \text{CM} = 9 : 10 + 2^d & \text{CB} : \text{CMB} = 9 : 14 + 5^{\text{th}} \\
 \text{BG} : \text{BC} = 8 : 9 + 2^d & \text{C} : \text{BG} = 5 : 8 \quad b \ 6^{\text{th}} \\
 \text{BA} : \text{BG} = 7 : 8 \quad b \ 3^d & \text{A} : \text{C} = 3 : 5 + 6^{\text{th}} \\
 \text{AD} : \text{AB} = 6 : 7 + + 2^d & \text{BGH} : \text{AB} = 12 : 7 \quad b \ 7^{\text{th}} \\
 \text{C} : \text{AD} = 5 : 6 \quad b \ 3^d & \text{AB} : \text{B} = 7 : 4 + + 6^{\text{th}} \\
 \text{B} : \text{C} = 4 : 5 + 3^d & \text{CB} : \text{BGIH} = 9 : 16 \quad b \ 7^{\text{th}} \\
 \text{BA} : \text{CB} = 7 : 9 \quad b \ 4^{\text{th}} & \text{C} : \text{CB} = 5 : 9 \quad b \ 7^{\text{th}} \\
 \text{A} : \text{B} = 3 : 4 \quad 4^{\text{th}} & \text{BG} : \text{CML} = 8 : 15 + 7^{\text{th}} \\
 \text{C} : \text{BA} = 5 : 7 + 4^{\text{th}} & \text{CMLK} \\
 & \text{CMLK} \text{BG} : \text{CMLKC} = 48 : 25 + + 7^{\text{th}}
 \end{array}$$

Q.E.D.

most general established architectural ratios owe their beauty to their approximation to the harmonic ratios : and that the several forms of members are more or less agreeable to the eye, as they suggest the ideas of figures composed of such ratios. I tremble to suggest my crude notions to your judgment, but have the sanction of your own desire, and kind promise of assistance to rectify my errors. I am sensible these matters have been touched upon before, but my attempts were to reduce matters to some farther certainty as to the simplicity and origin of the pleasures affecting our different senses ; and try, by comparison of those pleasures which affect one sense from objects whose principles are known as the ratios of sound, if other affections, agreeable to other of our senses, were owing to similar causes. You will pardon my presumption, as I am sensible neither my years nor my learning permit me to speak with propriety herein ; but, as you signified your pleasure of knowing what I was about, have thus ventured to communicate my undigested sentiments, and am, Sir

Your obedient servant,

*Wadham College,
May 22d, 1693.*

JOHN HARINGTON.

Mr.

*Mr. NEWTON's Answer to Mr. JOHN
HARRINGTON, 1693.*

S I R,

BY the hands of your friend, Mr. Confel, I was favoured with your Demonstration of the Harmonic Ratios, from the Ordinances of the 47th of Euclid. I think it very explicit and more perfect than the Helicon of Ptolemy, as given by the learned Doctor Wallis. Your observations hereon are very just, and afford me some hints which, when time allows, I would pursue, and gladly assist you with any thing I can, to encourage your curiosity and labours in these matters. I see you have reduced, from this wonderful proposition, the inharmonics as well as the coincidences of agreement, all resulting from the given lines three, four, and five. You observe that the multiples hereof furnish those ratios that afford pleasure to the eye in architectural designs: I have, in former considerations, examined these things, and wish my other employments would permit my further noticing thereon, as it deserves much our strict scrutiny, and tends to exemplify the simplicity in all the works of the Creator; however, I shall not cease to give my thoughts towards this subject at my leisure. I beg you to pursue these ingenious speculations, as your genius seems to incline you to mathematical researches. You remark that the ideas of beauty in surveying objects arises from *their* respective approximations to the simple constructions, and that the pleasure is more

or

or less, as the approaches are nearer to the harmonic ratios. I believe you are right; portions of circles are more or less agreeable, as the segments give the idea of the perfect figure from whence they are derived. Your examinations of the sides of polygons with rectangles certainly quadrate with the harmonic ratios. I doubt some of them do not; but then they are not such as give pleasure in the formation or use. These matters you must excuse my being exact in, during your inquiries, till more leisure gives me room to say with more certainty hereon. I presume you have consulted Kepler, Mersenne, and other writers on the construction of figures. What you observe of the ancients not being acquainted with a division of the sexquialteral ratio is very right; it is very strange that geniuses of their great talents, especially in such mathematical considerations, should not consider that, altho' the ratio of three to two was not divisible under that very denomination, yet its duple members six to four easily pointed out the ditone four to five, and the minor tierce six to five, which are the chief perfections of the diatonic system, and without which the ancient system was doubtless very imperfect. It appears strange, that those whose nice scrutinies carried them so far as to produce the small limmas, should not have been more particular in examining the greater intervals, as they now appear so serviceable when thus divided. In fine, I am inclined to believe some general laws of the Creator prevailed with respect to the agreeable or displeasing affections of all our *senses*; at least the supposition does not derogate

gate from the wisdom or power of God, and seems highly consonant to the simplicity of the macrocosm in general. Whatever else your ingenious inquiries may produce I shall attentively consider, but have such matters on my mind, that I am unable to give you more satisfaction at this time; however, I beg your modesty will not be a means of preventing my hearing from you, as you proceed in these curious researches; and be assured of the best services in the power of

May 30, 1693.

Your humble servant,

Is. NEWTON.



A P P E N D I X.



A P P E N D I X.

THE Reader will excuse finding the following strange insertion of Modern Letters in a Collection styled *Nugæ Antiquæ*, when he peruses the following Address to the *Reader*, from the very Lady herself who found the letters at London, and sent these few, as a specimen of Georgian genius, to be offered to the Public for their perusal; adding, in her letter, “that, as novelty was often the
“pursuit of the company at Bath, she
“thought the Georgian’s correspondence
“might merit their attention without the
“least offence to the exertions of skill either of a *celebrated Conjurer*, or a *prodigious Fidler* ;” and begged her friend to slip them into any *trifling* publication that might afford them admittance. As the Editor of the *Nugæ Antiquæ* happily got a sight of the Lady’s request, he
thought

A P P E N D I X.

thought no *Trifles* deserved their company so well as his own, and gave leave to the Printer to add them for their *Singularity*, which is too often mistaken for *Excellence*. If any *blundering understanding* should stumble on this mistake, and desire to see *more*, their curiosity may be glutted by an inquiry at the Printer's.



T O



TO THE
READER.

THESE Letters were accidentally found by a Lady in London, at whose house a Merchant had lodged for some years, and died suddenly. His correspondent was a native of Georgia, who had adhered to the Mahometan religion, in which he had been educated, till he was converted to the Christian faith, which is generally but imperfectly embraced by the Georgians, by a Lady whose name was Mirzah, and appears to have been of excellent endowments both of body and mind—Her death was the cause of his retirement to Bath for his health, where he resided many years, and constantly corresponded with Muly, his friend, the Merchant. The Letters were translated out of the Turkish language by a native, but not well enough skilled in English phraseology to do justice to the original.
The

A P P E N D I X.

The reader must excuse this defect, as some strange flights and expressions may prejudice him against the whole—His conversion to the light of Christianity by the precept, example, and exhortation of this woman, mixed with an enthusiastic love of her person, break out in most unexpected, and seemingly absurd and incorrect fallies; but the reader must excuse, as before observed, the raptures of an Eastern lover just awakened to the light of truth by the woman he adores, and afterwards deprived of her instruction, and plunged into sickness and despair by her precipitate death. If any pleasure arises from a confusion of passions from these circumstances, it may plead in apology for this publication.

L E T T E R

LETTER I.

Bath, Sept. 20, 1752.

Dear Muly,

THOU desir'st to hear of me after my arrival here ; I can only tell thee, by this post, that I am arrived—Sick and in despair, my pilgrim pace surrounds the weary earth—yet what to find—for Mirzah is no more—Where now shall I seek a guide?—She, like an unrequested star did gently glide, like that of Heav'n's own beam, pointing to greater light—she was found both cloud and pillar by day, by night my double guide—so was Israel blest—my desperate dangers were far more great than thine—Here needs some trusty lanthorn, Muly, to walk this glozing path, this merry precipice is so besyren'd—Great God, thou flowing spring of light, enrich my eyes, and be that light my clue—

Adieu.—

LETTER II.

Sept. 26th, 1752.

O Muly! when I first wak'd in this place, I doubted the truths of Christianity, even those which Mirzah's self had taught me—I relapsed

A P P E N D I X.

lapsed to the faith of Mahomet, and thought his paradise was come to pass—Music saluted my ear, and fine women, but not like Mirzah, blest my eye; a few moments disclos'd the cheat—the sounds were not celestial, nor the forms angelic—I went to bed sick with noise where I expected rest, and am made worse where I sought relief—There is no hospital but this in the world where the patients are mulcted for lying awake, or complimented with greater taxation—Heav'n grant such virtues to the water as may heal the impression of the people's folly—Why seek I for water?—Why grasp I at health, when Death has drawn his envious curtain 'twixt all health and me—She was my health—O wretched state of man! whose high ambition is to borrow what must be paid again, with the griping interest of the next day's sorrow!—Why did I love!—

Adieu.

L E T T E R I I I .

Sept. 30th, 1752.

I HAVE read in Tacitus that hog's flesh was esteemed productive of the loathsome leprosy—Kind Heav'n has made that animal shew us an antidote to this evil, as the deadly viper contains a precious oil to heal its own mischief—Thou knowest the story of King Bladud's

A P P E N D I X.

dud's scabbed hogs—surely it was no evil spirit
 that possessed that creature when they made this
 noble discovery—Gratitude obliges these people
 to celebrate the memory of that Prince, songs
 are sung to his honour, and feasts held, con-
 sisting of young swine dressed with wine and
 spices—Thou hast heard of barbecued pig a-
 mong the sons of luxury—This is a vile cor-
 ruption of ignorant cooks, as a learned antiqua-
 ry told me, from *Bladud-kuid*, which signifies
Food for a Prince—These people will give a new-
 born infant roasted pig as an infallible preserva-
 tive of life—They have proverbs concerning
 their ears and tail—Some of their Physicians
 have wrote books to observe the diet of these ani-
 mals, and, to recommend this vegetable doctrine,
 have lived like pigs themselves—They borrow
 their phrases on all occasions from this creature
 —To complain of one's malady is to—*grunt*—
 To escape death is—*saving one's bacon*—But this
 delicious place, my dear Muly, is like what the
 ancients called the *Parcus Trojanus*, a dish com-
 posed of all kinds of dainties—Why dream I of
 dainties, whose sorrow-wasting soul hath nought
 to feed on but a sad remembrance?—Why do I
 thus loiter in these suburbs of eternity, when
 Mirzah feasts in heav'n?

Adieu.

K

LET-

A P P E N D I X.

L E T T E R I V.

Nov. 2d, 1752.

MY griefs, Muly, seem entail'd on my existence, which no recovery can cut off but Death, Thou, being skill'd in law terms, may'st feel the propriety of this complaint. I have sought relief from Pleasure, wooed her in all shapes, solicited music, contemplated beauty, and found them all but sweet distresses keeping my Mirzah's image. O Bath! thy pleasures but torment my soul with pleasing it, like water gulp'd in fevers with deceitful ease. Thine are but the shades of mirth which ne'er can wear away the slow-pac'd hours of consuming grief—Are there no streams where a faint soul may wade?—Look up and let thy thought cashier Earth's vain delights, and make thy full career at Heav'n's eternal joys—there stop thy courser—These waters may befriend the limbs, but, I am afraid, they disturb the brain; they may relieve the colic, but they induce insanity; they throw old-age into fits of capering; Nature seems to forget herself at seventy, whilst the minds of their grand-daughters at fifteen are benumb'd to lethargy itself; there seems no motion but in the legs at this strange place. The soul doth not advance, Muly, like Mirzah's—it doth not speak persuasive truths; it breathes not rhapsodies to feast the ears of seraphims—for such were her's—Alas! Muly, the beauties here are baits without a hook—they fish only for gold—Alas, my Muly, 'twill not buy

A P P E N D I X.

buy them happiness!—Old Mammon's griping hand cannot inshrine that sacred saint in gold—the slides from Heav'n, 'tis true, but not in Danae's showers——Thus, thus was Mirzah wont to say——

Adieu.

L E T T E R V.

October 5th, 1752.

TO alleviate my own, I sometimes mix with other's sorrows. Dear Muly, this place is a mere inquest of aches and pains. Coffee-house conversation is nothing but comparing of toes, fingers, and hip-bones, pre-faging of bad weather, and reviling of Doctors; as though their art is bound to repair, in one month, what the art of folly has been destroying for forty years—The vulgar say, that swine can presage storms—One would think that Bladud's necromancy style prevail'd in this place, since, in a lowring day, nought is heard in these assemblies, but mischief impending from every point of the compass; the elements seem anticipated, and a power of divining imbibed with the waters—The Circean cup hath undoubtedly metamorphosed many, who come to this place; nor hath this fount sufficient virtue to purge the inclination that drives them to brutality—they too often leave their filth and return to wallowing in the mire, till *Bath* can wash no more. Youth's

A P P E N D I X.

rich enamel, that damask'd the downy cheek, is now worn off; luxurious dalliance, midnight revels, and those venial evils, which inconsiderate youth might plead, have now no advocate. Methinks, Muly, I often meet a poor shadow bending to a crutch, who, but a few months past, seem'd to outbrave a life of reason, gaz'd undaunted in the face of death, and bore a soul that scorn'd the path of nature—Ye blessed angels that live in full fruition of eternal glory—O Mirzah! quit thy glorious territory, if angels ere can fancy such a toy as man, stoop, stoop to earth, vouchsafing to employ your care, and guard this dust that lies before ye!—Bear on your wings my Mirzah's shield of faith, whom grace conducted to the paths of peace, and wisdom blest her soul's unblemish'd way.

Adieu.

L E T T E R VI.

Dec. 21, 1752.

SUrely enchantment hath *still* dominion in this place—The powers of romantic minds did never call up castles or palaces with such dispatch, as the people of this city; these houses are no sooner begun but they are finished, and no sooner finished but they are inhabited—Thou wilt say, Whence come the inhabitants? or, Are the other parts of the kingdom deserted to stock this? In truth, Muly, every mason seems another

A P P E N D I X.

ther Deucalion, who new-sets the bones of his mother Earth, and makes men of them—Nature hath so kindly form'd the materials in her own shop, that the workman hath little to do but put them together;—thou may'st here find all the beauties of true Geometry—the square, the parallelogram, and all the engaging forms of matter are here presented; the circle is now completing—Indeed, Muly, this place, when completed, will rival the splendor of antiquity—I only wonder people don't style it the Cestus, for it is worthy the goddess Venus to inhabit, was she but as beautiful as Mirzah—but strength doth not keep pace with elegance in the buildings of Bath. These edifices, like human beauty, are the transitory glories of an hour—Had the walls of Jericho been no stronger,—they had fallen without a miracle, at the blast of a ram's horn—Ye holy virgins that so blest surround the sapphire walls of New Jerusalem,—whose snowy feet measure the pearly paths of sacred ground, if ere ye chance to spy the seraph Mirzah—tell her how often my unwitnessed groans have lamented her absence—how often has my melting heart made choice of silent tears—(tears louder than a voice) to plead my grief, and wooe her absent ear—Tell her I abhor the trappings of this dungeon earth—here's nothing worth a smile; O Muly, I doat not on palaces—A troubled heart is Heav'n's *own-lov'd form*.

Adieu.

A P P E N D I X.

L E T T E R VII.

Jan. 3, 1753.

DE A R Muly, what a paradox is man!—Every thing around us breathing mortality—yet every mortal wasting his idle days in loose delight, and sporting round the blaze of Cupid's candle; how the fond fool repasts upon his mistress' eye, imparting his sad devotion--- the sweet burnt-offering of a bleeding heart!—Yet did not I?---This place, Muly, is the store-house of delights; I cannot describe to thee this magic ring of vanity—Thou hast seen the emblem of the returning year at the corner of an almanac—so are the pleasures of this place, coil'd into themselves—a subtle beguiling serpent,—that stoppeth her ears to the charms of Wisdom's song—'Twas the first grand deceiver, Muly, whose sting was death. In the assemblages of this place, every one seems a huge bulk swelled with reflection from the false mirror of vanity—Those deceitful beams are still diffusing untrue portraits—I daily meet a man whose dimension is but a stride,—his stature the epitome of a span—such as the long-billed troops defy'd;—a very fragment of a man; yet the skilful gloss of vanity hath puffed him to rival Enceladus or Typhœus; those giants never bore greater rebellion to the throne of Heaven—He storms it with execrations, and hurls defiance in blasphemies—O Jove, where are thy thunderbolts! Is there no better crystal to adjust at, but this of vanity? My fellow-lodger is a female,

A P P E N D I X.

male, whose crazy bark hath weathered the grand climacteric, and doubled the cape of Seventy; thou would'st swear some unkind surfeit, or most ungracious star, had conspired to make the volume of her face a common-place book of deformities—yet would she fain persuade us to read this fair page of beauty—Vanity reflects her like a Troy-bane Helen or the Queen of Love, and makes her old dull soul continue haberdashing in earth's base wares.—Were thy consumed estate as poor as Lazarus or afflicted Job's, vanity, Muly, would change thy wants to seeming wealth, and turn thy rags to purple robes—She abuses our optics—our *self's* the object that we ought to see, but 'tis the *shadow* only we behold—and this shadow to a giant grows, as we approach the dim light of nature—Oh for my Mirzah's soul to seek the noon of grace, whose more than sacred beams inspire the ravished heart—Light of the world—thou hast no shadow!

Adieu.

L E T T E R VIII.

Jan. 10, 1753.

DEAR Muly, I have conquered the language of this island, and now pillage the treasures of their books to reward my toil—Bath was dedicated to the goddess Minerva—Was that Deity now tutelary here, she would

A P P E N D I X.

keep the Ladies more to their spinning. Thou know'st the distaff was her sceptre ; I can't help thinking, Muly, but some families still worship her by sacrificing their innocent female offspring to the temptations of this place ; they dress their daughters with *fillets* and *garlands*, and every young fellow seems armed for their butchery. I never see them led to slaughter but I feed my fancy with Minerva's victims, which thy learning will tell thee were *white heifers* which had never been *yoked*—My fellow-lodger hath escaped for sixty years, yet longs to try the danger ; age hath stuck her plough in every feature—the snowy blast of discontented care hath blanched her falling hair ; yet, methinks, suspicious envy and jealous malice disturb her weary nights. The constant wheels of nature scorn to tire, till the whole frame dissolves. She will dance, Muly, though the slender inch that yet remains unspent lights her to pains—and in silent language bids her prepare her weary limbs to take eternal rest—This good woman seems always at breakfast, though nature hath called her to supper—she shrugs, she laughs, and bends her beetled brow at play, and chafes herself to madness, mingling all humours in a wild confusion—How these old fools cling to earth, if Pleasure beckon them with her balmy finger!--Could Heaven have spared my Mirzah, she would have shewn ye better—Hark ! she sings—Oh, the frail condition of this pride ! this nature's glory !—Riot doth impair your weakness. Is the road so fair it makes you loiter ? Ye are not yet at home—

Con-

A P P E N D I X.

Continuance is the child of eternity, not of
fl.eting time.

Adieu.

L E T T E R IX.

Jan. 21, 1753.

THOU art sensible, my dear Muly, of my
thirst for knowledge; I converse daily with
the Philosophers of this place; I amuse the hours
vacant from divine contemplation with turning
to the pages of human sufficiency—A learned
Doctor of this place hath demonstrated the
whole secret of the animal oeconomy—He hath
shewn that, by a certain congruity of vibrations
in the medullary substance of the brain, it cometh
to pass that two and two make four—All kinds
of titillation, sternutation, oscitation, and imi-
tation are easily solved by this doctrine of vibra-
tion—Indeed, Muly, I was sensible I did love
my Mirzah; but this Philosopher hath assigned
reasons, which I did not dream of, for such af-
fections—The cause that a person affirms the
proposition of two and two making four is, saith
this Philosopher,—the intire coincidence of the
visible or tangible idea of twice two with four,
and its visible or tangible idea, as impressed up-
on the mind, and by vibratory association pro-
duces the truth appropriated to this coincidence
—But, why did I love Mirzah?—Thou well
know'st why—But hear the Philosopher—The
desire

A P P E N D I X.

desire and affection of the sexes toward each other arises from the motory vibrations of certain organs endued with more sensibility than the other parts, from a peculiar disposition of the nerves—Hence arise certain sensory vibrations running along their membranes, and affecting certain muscles in such a manner as to cause love; for these contractions, which are at first nearly automatic, become afterward subject to the influence of ideas—Now thou knowest the philosophy of love—I felt the force, but knew not the secret of its theory till this wise man informed me—Indeed, Muly, Physicians are of all men the greatest adepts in reasoning on occult matters—Thou hast often smiled at the umbrage of hair with which these Professors embower their brains—but experimental philosophy hath proved to me that their usage doth not arise from solemnity or fantastic gravity—Huge wigs are not emblems, but real essences of wisdom—These learned men well know that certain bodies have certain powers of attraction and repulsion unknown to the vulgar—hair and silk, which compose the form, and constitute the ornament of a wig, are called *electrics per se*, and have a power of hindering the ethereal particles of wisdom from transuding the brain, and flying off to no purpose; then thou hast seen these sages have for their use canes with heads of amber, another electrical body, which, on all emergencies is applied to the mouth, and thereby directeth their fine ethereal ideas to the place of utterance—These causes unite to benefit the world, and these good men had rather incur the
ridicule

A P P E N D I X.

ridicule of the ignorant, than betray their knowledge, and this sublime mechanism of wisdom—Physicians are no fools; they search deeper than we commonly think, and are of all men the nicest scrutinizers both in politics and nature—And yet, Muly, we are at best but the dunghill slaves of blind reason. Talk not of knowledge—a horrid darkness surrounds our groping souls; how are our senses bound and muffled from the light! O Mirzah! thou wert the sweet phosphor, when I lolled in the lap of ignorance, that chased those fogs away, and shewed me light *revealed*—thine is the only lamp for study—it is a hallowed taper of unerring flame that points to Heaven and thee.

Adieu.

L E T T E R X.

Batb, Feb. 2d, 1753.

O Muly, I feel more evils await me—I have multiplied diseases upon diseases—Thou hast heard of Pandora's box with its load of evils; these people improve the hint, and extract from diseased carcases Pandora's oil—I have been to see the places of festivity where they dance and play—where poor bedlam souls croud to catch delights; delights, Muly, that cease before enjoyment finds a time to please. Here the babbling tongue of Pleasure tells her golden tale—here that charming tyrant doth befool each

A P P E N D I X.

age and sex—That grand impostor, how has it obtained the wardship of the world! All distempers crawl to these assemblies, and make it the common still for Pandora's oil—the heat exhales the contaminated vapour—the roofs congeal the heterogeneous mass, and down it drops to spread contagion. I have drawn in the gout and leprosy—I smell of putrid matter; I am a worm, and no man, Muly, for I feed on rotten flesh*. Is this a place to gain health—or to mend it?—How the enchantress Circe might avail herself of this infernal mixture!--A cunning Physician, skilled in abstruse chymistry, who hath scrutinised the contents of these springs, hath undertaken to separate the particles of this hellish composition, and thereby discover the specific property of every disease, which now is only matter of conjecture; Heaven prosper his designs for man's good.—There is but one man equal to this Stygian task—From this assemblage of ill favours, I retired in perfect dissolution; my spirits exhausted, my vital heat in high gallop, my skin reeking. I hastened to the door, retired to a cabinet of indolence to convey me to my lodgings, which had been exposed to the damp vapour of a stormy day; the next morning, to expiate the folly of the night, sat in a large church for three hours, where the cold was as extreme, as the heat before in the place I have described---A damp chilled my limbs, and I am a cripple. How unguarded, Muly!--What Hercules can endure these extreme-

* The merry youth stile this foul air—" Their grandmo-
ther's caudle," and say they sup *on* their friends.

A P P E N D I X.

tremities?---Sure Nature formed us not for such strange transitions---from the burning sides of Caucasus to its frozen top---yet this is the regimen of invalids---These sons of pleasure, Mully, are prodigious hackneys, got 'twixt men and devils, which, never weighing way or weather, drag on the idle world, and trot through dust and dirt---Who would trust the joys of this bauble earth! Nor length of days, nor solid strength of brain, can reach a seat for peaceable security---This poor ball's a fickle torment; he that would endeavour to find a place of rest, must, like the blessed Mirzah---seek the way to leave her.

Adieu.

L E T T E R X I.

April 30.

From the Garden of the Spring near Bath.

Sweet Friend,

ONCE more I breathe the wholesome air; sickness hath worn me to a skeleton; I am now the mere body of death, and flatter myself that I have put off the infirmities of the flesh with its grossness. would I were so purified as to need no farther lightening, but *winnowing the buxom Air* and---be at rest. Two months have wrought a marvelous change in thy friend, but custom, even in miseries, renders *them* more tolerable. I am just crawled to taste the pureness of the spring, from a sick dun-
geon

A P P E N D I X.

geon to the fair Elysium of this place, where sweet variety tempts every sense to rapture. I bend my feeble steps to a sweet spot which wants but Mirzah to be my Eden. We tread o'er banks of violets, we hear soft music, and, where we turn our eyes, some fair innocent is smiling in the midst of wily dance, or delicious refreshment. Here have I met a man of *Pilgrim* race, that weeps o'er the follies of youth, and smites his aged breast, and says, Alas! I once was young!---Beware the couching snake, ye pretty idlers---she lies unseen in yonder tufted grass---where now you tripped so joyous---This man hath a most venerable aspect, a silvered head from age, and a golden heart from sage experience; and does so temper the severity of virtue with the milk of humanity, I could listen to his rounded tale for ages. His white raiment, his falling beard, his knotted staff, the cup of temperance dangling from his belted waist doth strike the mind with such persuasion, thou wouldst swear him the sent tutelar angel to pluck the ear of all giddy youth. And yet, Muly, they prance on---they peep at the stranger, they creep towards him with cautious tread, and when he tenders his gentle voice with all serenity of utterance, they take them to their gambols again and cry---Let us not mind him---look at his beard. Old father, this is no place to preach in---I have courted his acquaintance, and find him most affable in his carriage, most instructive in his discourse, and wish I could always have his company---He is always waiting about the garden, and left some verses in the

A P P E N D I X.

room, which are placed up with due care, and which I have sent thee. I never felt more relief, my dear Muly, than from this man, who hath so sequestered his body from vanity, that he seems the pure gold from the refiner's fire; he is sometimes shy, but my inquisitive nature would not let me rest till I peeped into his book as he slept by the brook-side, and found his name was—*Conscience*, an old hermit from *Bagdad*—I have not seen him these three days, I fear he is gone from us; if so, we are all undone.—Adieu, dear Muly; when I can, thou shalt hear again, for I am sick and weak, and have had no comfort but my hermit's company these two months——

Here are his verses:

The HERMITE'S ADDRESSE to YOUTHE.

I.

SAY, gentle youthe, that tread'st untouch'd
with care,

Where Nature hathe so guerdon'd Bathe's gay
scene;

Fedde with the songe that daunceth in the aire;

Midst fairest wealthe of Flora's magazine;

Hathe eye or eare yet founde, thine steppes to
blesse,

That gem of life, y-clep'd *True Happinesse*.

II.

With Beautie restes she not; nor wooes to lighte

Her hallowde taper at proud Honour's flame;

Nor

A P P E N D I X.

Nor Circe's cuppe doth crown; nor comes in
flighte

Upon th'Icarian winge of bablinge Fame:
Not shrine of golde dothe this faire sainte em-
bower,
She glides from heav'n, but not in Danae's
shower.

III.

Go, Blossome, wanton in such joyous aire,
But ah!—est soone thy buxome blast is o'er!
When the sleek pate shall grow far 'bove its haire,
And creeping age shall reape this piteous lore;
To broode o'er Follie, and with me confesse,
“Earthe's flatt'ring dainties prove but sweete
distresse.”

The OLDE HERMITE.

F I N I S.

